

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



THE former Labour Prime Minister, Mr Clement Attlee (second from left), was presented with a commemorative plaque on his 70th birthday by Labour Party and Trade Union Congress officials. Mr Arthur Greenwood, Chairman of the Labour Party, is in centre.



THE Queen Mother seen being received by the Very Rev. A. C. Don, Dean of Westminster, when she visited the exhibition of Westminster Abbey treasures at St James's Palace. (Express)



THE wedding took place at Glasgow last week of the Hon. David Montgomery, 24-year-old son of Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, and Miss Mary Connell. They are pictured here with the bridegroom's father. After their honeymoon on the Continent, the young couple will fly to Malaya, where David is a salesman for a petroleum company.

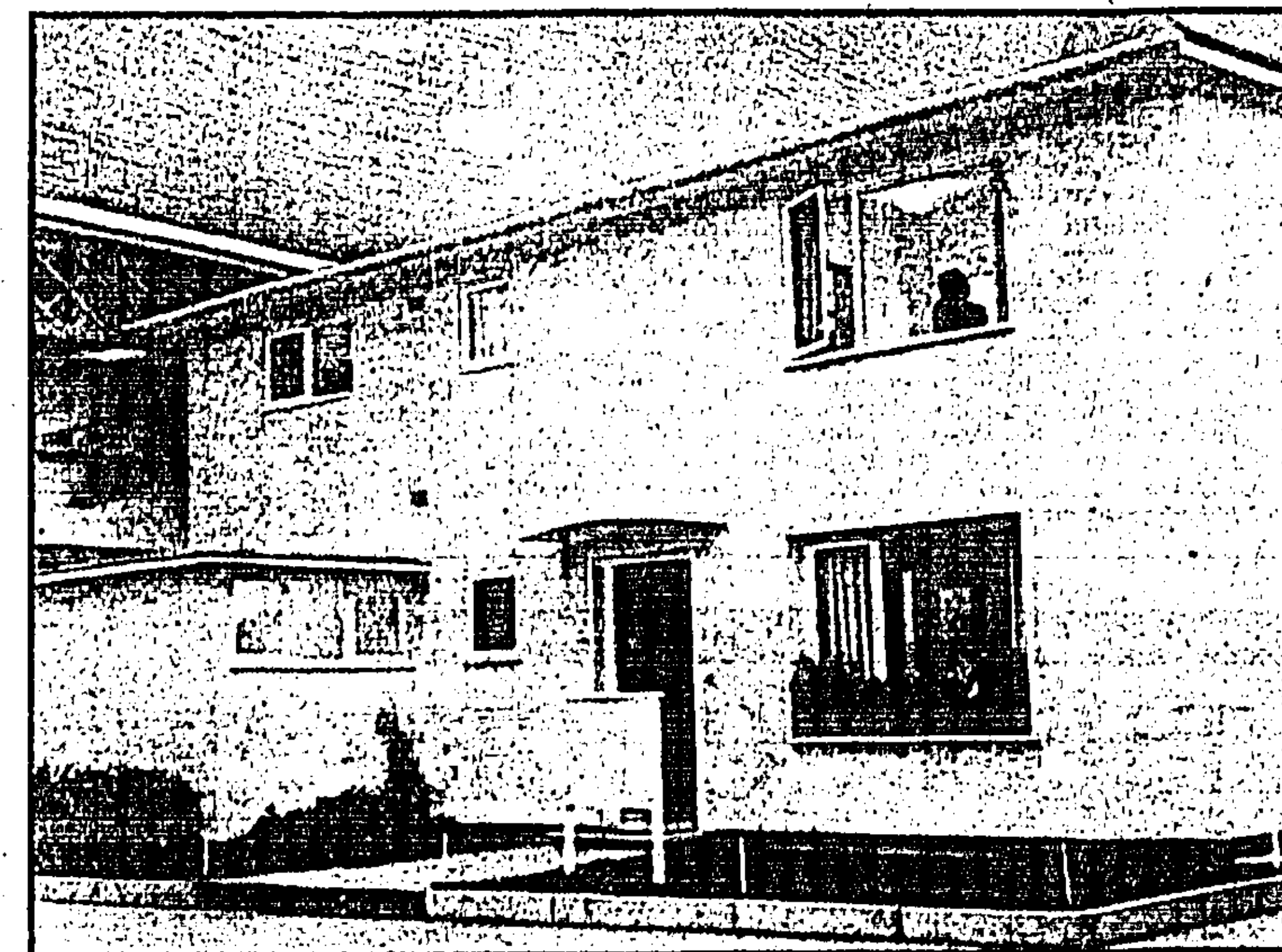


SIR Bernard and Lady Docker on their way home after a hearing at Bow Street Police Station, London, where Sir Bernard was giving evidence on his own behalf in regard to an accusation of conspiracy to infringe the currency regulations on three trips to the Mediterranean in his motor yacht, Shemara. Sir Bernard was until lately a director of the Midland Bank. (Express)

LEFT: Ten-year-old David Payne and eight-year-old Carol Armstrong, who has won a gold medal for dancing, were the youngest to take the floor at the Junior United Services Clubs' annual ball. Carol wears a pink dress with a Juliet cap. (Express)



CORPORAL Frederick Tanner, a REME soldier who became too fat to drive and could not bend to lace his shoes, was demobilised this month after 13 years' service. He weighs exactly 23½ stone. His chest measures 54 inches and his waist 57 inches. At the demobilisation clothing centre, they could find nothing to fit him, except hat, shoes and socks. (Express)



SEEN at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia: the new type two-storey cottage flat which has been designed by the Ministry of Housing and Local Government for council building. It is the latest version of the People's House, which will speed up building, save 10 percent of vital materials as well as space, frontage and services.

LEFT: Miss Virginia Tate, 21, daughter of Mr Vernon Tate, the sugar magnate, is to marry Mr Michael Belmont, grandson of Lord Kindersley, the banker. (Express)

THE Welsh Guards celebrated St David's Day in the traditional manner by handing out leeks. An officer seen handing out leeks to his platoon at Caterham Barracks.

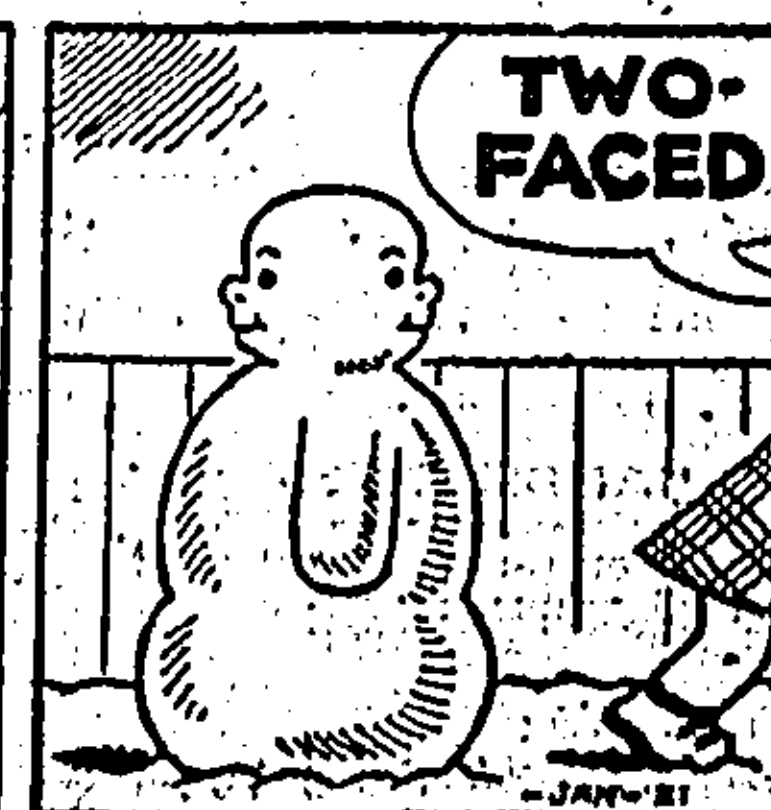
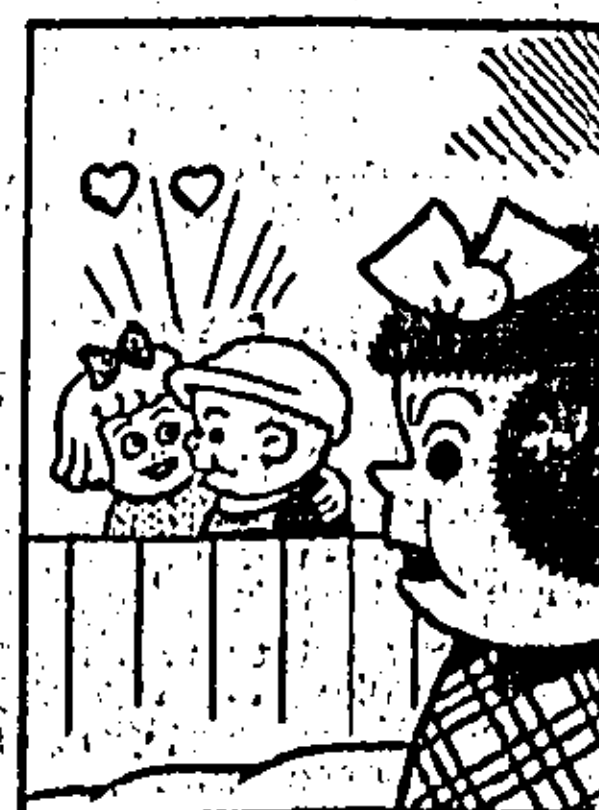


FINISHING touches are now being put to the figures of Gog and Magog by Mr David Evans, the sculptor, before they are erected at the Guildhall in London. The famous originals were destroyed when the Guildhall was blitzed in 1940. The figures are of lime wood and are over 9 feet high. A plaster model is on the left.

NANCY

Double Exposure

By Ernie Bushmiller



So you've got a bad heart?

By DR. A. CHESBY

★

1903.—The doctor is leaving. From the depths of his beard the words emerge: "Morbis cordis. Bed for a long time. I'll call again tomorrow." He climbs into his gig.

1953.—"Nothing much wrong. Small leak in a valve," says doctor. He departs humming "Walking my baby back home."

WHAT a gulf between these identical cases. And that gulf was caused largely by a man called James Mackenzie.

He was a Scot who burst into London in 1916-17 saying that lots of people were leading invalid lives, described as heart cases, when there was nothing at all wrong with their hearts.

This caused two separate earthquakes. The first arose from hordes of established experts dashing about to find their tomahawks, but the second was associated with widespread moaning of bogus invalids who were firmly levered from their reluctant couches by relays of delighted relatives.

For Mackenzie was a true prophet. He got a knight-hood.

Sir James sorted out heart troubles to two kinds: 1. Functional. 2. Organic. I'm not discussing coronary disease here.

It's balance

THE FIRST: A man comes home grumpy just after butcher and laundry have presented the little wife with unheard-of accounts. She faints.

School attendance officer reports Tommy as playing truant. Mother and Tommy both get palpitation.

Father gets a rocket at the office and arrives home breathless with pain in his chest.

There is nothing wrong with the heart as a heart in these cases. But the heart works with a double check from the brain, accelerator and retard.

When the citizen gets all fussed up the balance between these two paths gets upset and symptoms develop by the quart. But the sufferers do not die.

Cure lies in tact and firmness by those around the patient, coupled with an effort on his or her own behalf. It is not a high price to pay for health, but it is best to start it early.

It's leakage

THE SECOND: The heart is a tidy piece of engineering with muscle for metal. Waves of contraction and relaxation flow through it in orderly rhythm and its efficiency is maintained by valves.

But these valves can go wrong. That is V.D.I. (valvular disease of the heart).

If a valve doesn't open properly the heart has extra work pumping blood through.

If it does not close accurately there is a leak through which blood flows back at each beat. That means an extra ration of blood to be issued with each heartbeat. Again extra work.

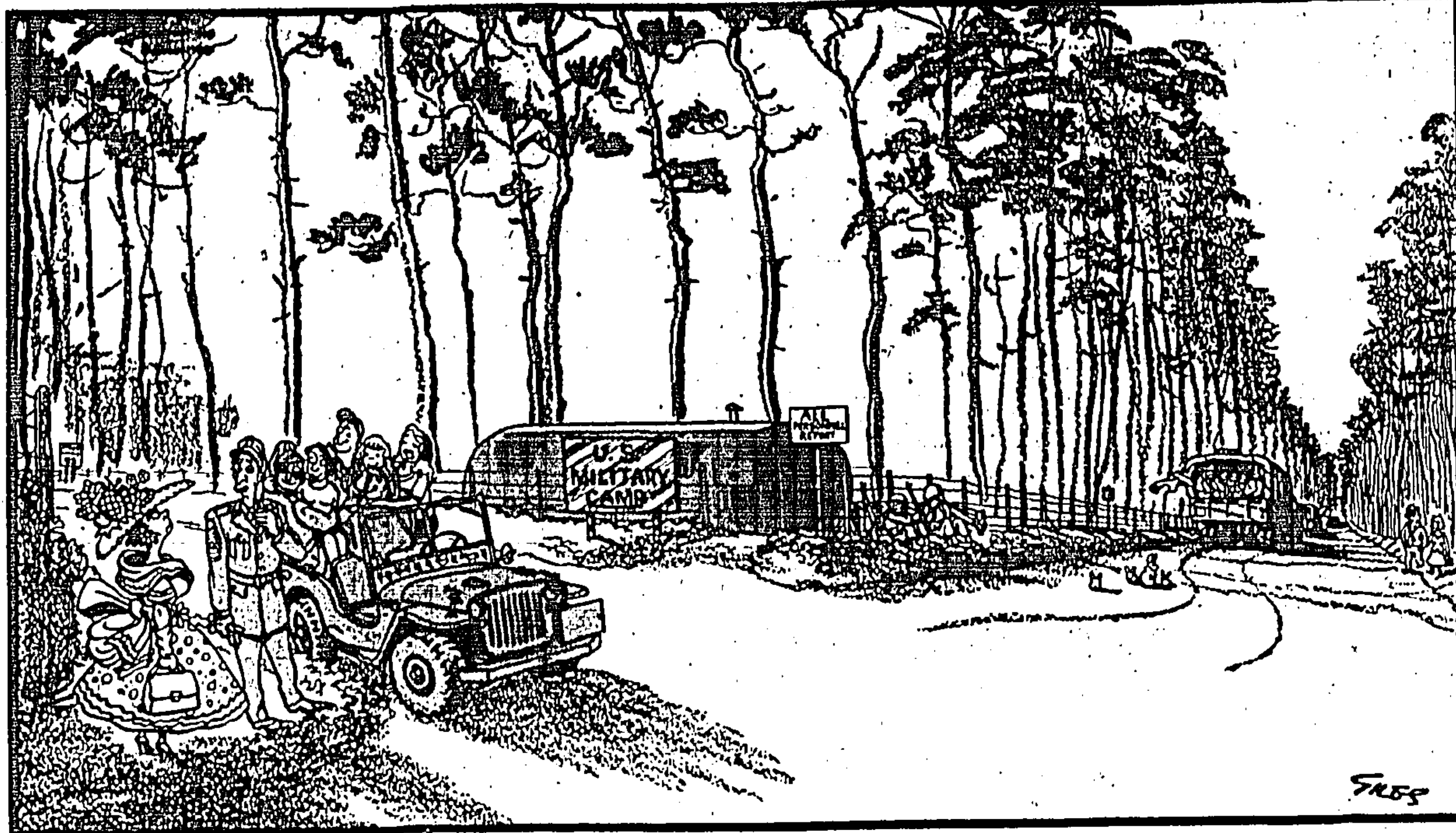
Now this condition used to kill a lot of people. Today their number is growing less. Patients are taught about their groggy hearts and how to live with them. The heart patient must live within the limits of the heart's strength.

Use reason

YOUR heart, of course, has amazing reserves. The other day, in consultation, I saw a man with a valvular disease. His charts showed 40 percent disableness, and he worked as a professional footballer.

It was something that man could do in comfort. He was living within his heart's strength.

So, if you have heart trouble, drink a silent toast to the memory of James Mac. At worst you are only asked to be reasonable and avoid getting overfired.



"O.K., Honey—if you say it's the 'Mode Boulevard de Paris' I guess it's the Mode Boulevard de Paris."

London Express Service

FIRST LADY OF THE CITY



London's Lady Mayoress, Lady De la Bère, has brought changes to the Mansion House. She turned the old ballroom into a badminton court. And she has ideas about the curtains.

the ceremony. But I do not even know whether I am to wear day or evening dress. I hope it will be evening dress. I think it would be more in keeping with the coach.

"I saw the last Coronation as the wife of an MP. I wonder whether I shall get as good a view this time."

Since she left her half-timbered home with its farm at Crowborough, in Sussex, to support her husband in the Mansion House, the City has discovered its Lady Mayoress is something of a "character."

One of her first requests to the General Purposes Committee sent the eyebrows of the City Fathers shooting upwards. She wanted to turn the old ballroom into a badminton court.

She got her way. Now, in a white blouse with a knee-length full skirt, she smacks the birds (she explained that shuttlecock was not the right term) across the net with the Sergeant-at-Arms.

"He seems to be the only person here who can play," she says.

It is only when the Lord Mayor drives to the Coronation of a Sovereign that his Lady Mayoress is allowed to accompany him in his coach.

The prospect presents a problem for Lady De la Bère—a feminine one. What shall she wear?

"So far I am neither fish, fowl nor good red herring," she said as she sat in her cream-and-gold walled boudoir in the Mansion House. "Everything is settled for Rupert, as he has a part in

their farm, and their second daughter Valerie works on it full time. Early this year they gave a party at the Mansion House for the children of the farmworkers and their mothers. They were taken to London by coach. Luncheon was set up on a long table and Sir Rupert appeared in full regalia, complete with mace bearer. To the delight of his guests he took his place at the head of the table as solemnly as for any civic banquet.

"We thought it would be more fun for them than the usual party we give them at home with Rupert wearing ordinary clothes," said Lady De la Bère, who obviously enjoyed it as much as the children—even though she was hobbling on two sticks with her knee in plaster after a fall down the Mansion House stairs. ("Before lunch, mark you, not after!")

In spite of her anxiety about her costume for the Coronation, London's Lady Mayoress is not very clothes-conscious. She prefers clothes which are comfortable rather than the latest whim of fashion. Black is her favourite choice for evening.

Her hair is silvery white and naturally wavy. She never goes to a hairdresser.

"They make me feel as if I have a corrugated roof on my head instead of hair," she says.

She will tell you that apart from badminton she has no hobbies except arranging flowers. She does, in fact, play the piano (classical music), works at embroidery and collects photographs of her family, which she carefully pastes in a book.

"I'm not the slightest good at making dresses," she says. "I always get them lopsided. Too careless, I suppose."

By Coronation Day, Lady De la Bère will have been presented at Court twice.

She was presented as a debutante when she was a girl. Since she has become Lady Mayoress she is to be presented again and this time she will be introduced to the Queen by Mrs Churchill.

"Special permission was granted for me to be presented on the same day as I am presenting my daughters—March 25, the first day of the Presentation 'Courts,'" she said.

Her two younger daughters—Valerie, who works on the farm, and Camilla, who is part-time secretary to her mother at the Mansion House—are the ones Lady De la Bère will present. Eldest daughter, Pamela, a schoolteacher, has already been presented.

After the Coronation, at Guildhall Lady De la Bère will be hostess to the Queen and Prince Philip when they attend the civic banquet given in their honour.

Meals at the Mansion House have become a source of delight to the Lady Mayoress, who cooks the dinner when she is at home in the country.

NO PLANNING

"Now I don't have any planning or thinking out to do," she said. "The steward just asks me how many we shall be for luncheon or dinner. I tell him (if I know) and the rest is dealt with in the kitchens. When I'm here alone I never know what I'm going to get, although I could order something special if I fancied it. But I prefer leaving it to them."

"Them" are the firm of caterers responsible for all the Mansion House catering, including the private family meals.

Now she is at the Mansion House, Lady De la Bère spends

Lady De la Bère will drive in the gold and - scarlet coach to the Coronation

by Vivien Batchelor

SENSE OF FUN

She also brings up her own club teams from Sussex. They come from Crowborough and East Grinstead.

Although she is the mother of three grown-up daughters, a son in the Army and a son still at school, Lady De la Bère has the sense of fun of a schoolgirl.

"How do I like being the Lady Mayoress?" she repeated after my question. "It's like being in a pantomime. Yes, that's exactly what it reminds me of when I see Rupert dressed up in those marvellous, almost medieval, clothes, instead of the gum-boots and old patched jacket he wears on the farm."

Both Lady De la Bère and Sir Rupert take a great interest in

PARIS NEWSLETTER from SAM WHITE

OPERATION COCKTAIL

Paris. Any guest lingering after the allotted time was approached by an A.D.C. The formula never varied. It consisted of one sentence: "There seems to be a general drift towards the door." The guest was then ushered out without any good-bye to his host.

But the brilliant staff work broke down at the exit. The complicated arrangements for parking cars worked badly and many guests spent almost as much time outside waiting for their cars as they did inside. The purpose of the exercise? To establish friendly relations "to establish friendly relations."

MISS HUTTON'S HOUSES HEIRESS Barbara Hutton has arrived in Paris incognito. Reason for the visit: talks with aristocratic architect Prince Bernard de la Tour d'Auvergne about two new houses he has been commissioned to build for her—one in Mexico, the other a Japanese-style mansion in Hawaii.

HANDSHAKES At the entrance officers exchanged a brisk handshake with General Ridgway. The drinks were laid out on tables with parade-ground precision—a device which saved valuable military drinking time.

THE adventures of an enterprising American undertaker who plasters Paris with slogans: "Die and we do the rest."

250 TRAMPS The scholarly Paris review, Le Temps Moderne, has produced the following chart giving French citizens social standing according to their income.

Those earning £50 a month are little more than tramps. Those earning £200 a month are lower middle class. Those earning £400 a month are middle class. Those with £600 a month are upper middle class.

The truly successful require an income of at least £1,000 a month.

A LA CARTE

FROM French MPs of all parties—De Gaulists, Communists, Catholics, Socialists and Conservatives—an roar of protest has gone up.

The issue: the nature of the cooking in the Parliamentary kitchen. MPs complain that the food is cooked with too much garlic and oil.

Now, summed up on an irate MP, "the kitchen's rock of garlic and swim in oil."

Typical menu to which all parties object is the following: Hot garlicky sausage with potatoes in oil, veal sauté cooked with garlic and oil, followed by cheese and fruit.

For this meal including wine and service, MPs pay 7s.—an exceptionally low price for Paris.

Small restaurants near the French Parliament are now crowded with refugees "from that terrible Coprican."

WHEN Elizabeth I was on the throne of England and English sea-power was at its height, this dial was buccaneering the seas with Sir Francis Drake. It was probably with him when, in 1577, he laid course by Morocco and the Cape Verde Islands and set out to sail around the world.



"Ladies and gentlemen of the Rolex triumphs, the Rolex is waterproof, thanks to the Oyster case, and waterproofing thanks to the patented Rolex 'Perpetual' Rotor. Moreover, the date appears automatically and clearly in a neat window on the face. Accuracy? Of course! The ultimate accuracy: Rolex accuracy."

And the Rolex Red Seal? It is a sign that the watch to which it is attached has been tested by an Official Timing Station of the Swiss Government, has been awarded its own Official Timing Certificate, and the fitted chronometer. All Datejusts carry the Rolex Red Seal.

Nearly four hundred years were to pass before the Rolex Datejust made its appearance; but the analogy between Drake's dial and the Datejust is not so far-fetched as it may seem. For Rolex watches, too, have quite a naval tradition. They've been used, for instance, for destroyer navigation when the ship's chronometer was destroyed—and once, even, for timing a flotilla attack in the Far East.

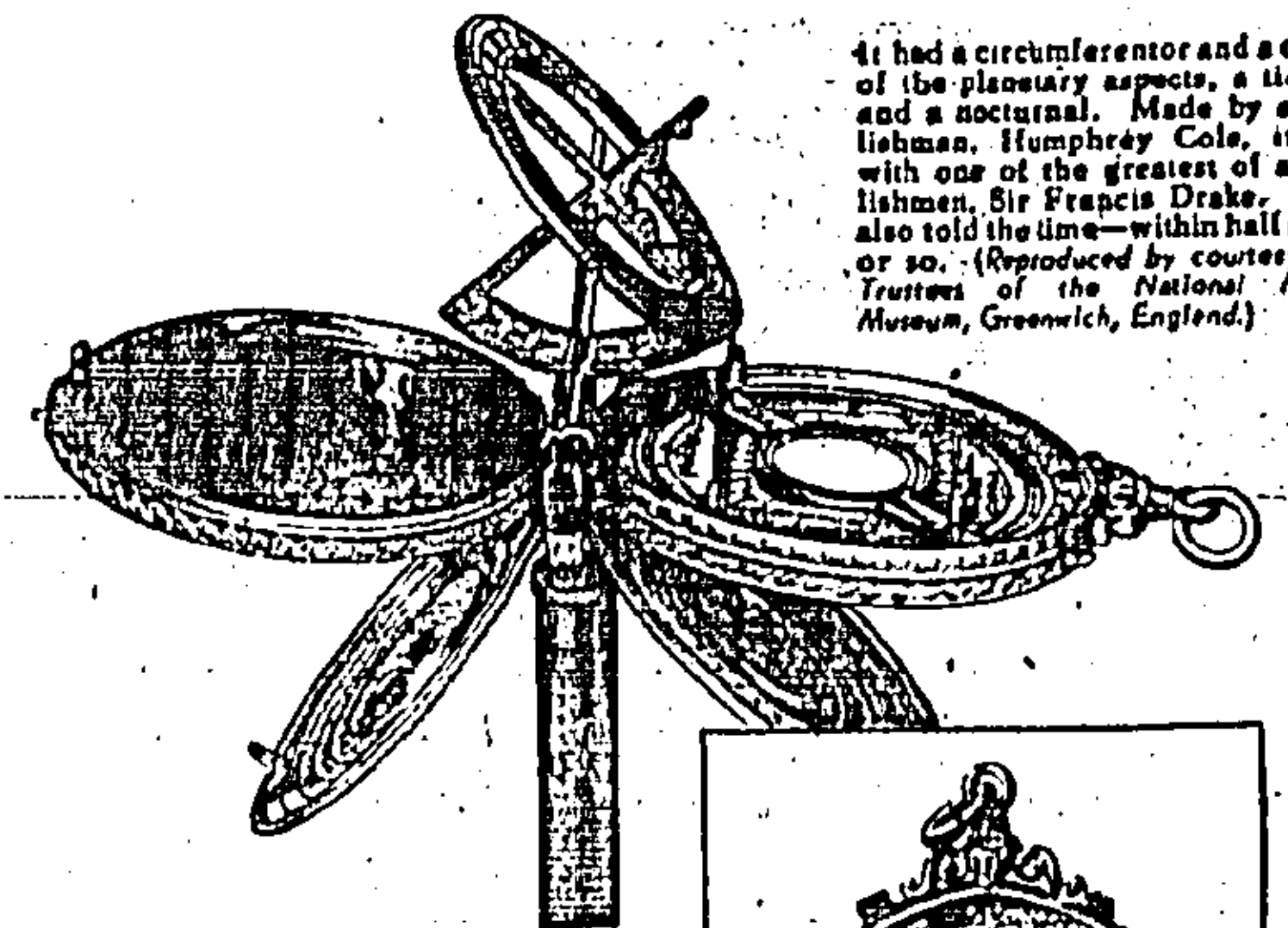
But they've also served with distinction in quieter roles; served with such unvaried accuracy as to make their name a byword. And top of all Rolex watches we can put the Datejust—perfectly waterproofed by the Oyster case, powered by the silent, efficient Rolex Perpetual self-winding "Rotor," it shows the date automatically in a neat, clear window on the dial. Of all great Rolex watches, the Datejust is the latest and the greatest—so far, at least.

ROLEX A landmark in the history of time measurement

ROLEX

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Round the world with Francis Drake?



It had a circumference and a diagram of the planetary aspects, a tide table and a nautical Almanac. Made by an Englishman, Humphrey Cole, it sailed with one of the greatest of all Englishmen, Sir Francis Drake. And it also told the time—within half an hour or so. (Reproduced by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum, Greenwich, England.)



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The Great Dictator



I MUST have been one of the first British subjects to make Stalin's acquaintance, for I met him in Moscow in the spring of 1918. The scene of our meeting was the restaurant of the Metropole Hotel where before the revolution I had spent many gay evenings. Now the room had been turned into a kind of Parliament Hall for the meetings of the Central Executive Committee of the Bolshevik Party.

To one of these sessions I had been invited, and together with Raymond Robins, the head of the American Red Cross Mission, I sat at a small side table almost within touching distance of the delegates, and listened to the speeches. We were the only foreigners present.

Presently a small, swarthy man, dressed very simply in a Russian shirt with his trousers tucked into long leather boots, stopped at our table on his way out of the room.

Although Trotsky was making one of his most brilliant harangues against the Mensheviks, the newcomer seemed wholly disinterested in the proceedings. Alex Gumberg, Robins's interpreter, introduced him to us. It was Stalin.

Cobbler's son

Speaking slowly and rather shyly, he chatted with us for a few moments and asked us if we would like some tea. Then he walked away as slowly as he talked. In the whirl of the exciting evening he alone moved like a man who is master of his time.

Although as head of the Special British Mission to the Bolshevik Government I was then on comparatively friendly terms with most of its members, I had no contact with Stalin. He was then 39 and spoke Russian with a strong Georgian accent. It never entered my mind that this son of a poor cobbler father and a washerwoman mother would one day become the master of half the world. Indeed, it in May 1918 anyone had suggested that Stalin would succeed Lenin as leader of the party, every Bolshevik, including Lenin himself, would have laughed.

Although he had been a revolutionary since the age of nineteen and had suffered imprisonment more than once, he had only the barest acquaintance with the brilliant intellectual leaders, most of whom had spent many years in foreign exile. He had never lived abroad.

In 1907 he had visited London and had met Trotsky, whom he disliked from their first meeting. His longest stay in a foreign country was the month or two he spent in Austria in 1913 when he visited Lenin in Cracow. It was during this visit that Lenin wrote to Gorki praising "the wonderful Georgian" almost as though he were a new find.

Returning to Petrograd, Stalin was betrayed by an agent-provocateur and sent to Siberia. He was not to leave it until he was released four years later by the Tsarist regime in March 1917.

The editor

He arrived in Petrograd to find himself the senior Bolshevik in the capital, and until Lenin's return three weeks later he was the actual leader of the party. He was, however, still a minor figure little known to the masses, and he himself was well aware of the fact.

With the return of Trotsky from his Canadian exile in May, Stalin's role became even more subsidiary. During the seven months before the Bolshevik revolution in November 1917, Lenin and Trotsky were the great figures, and Stalin, not yet at ease with the more brilliant emigre intellectuals, preferred to work behind the scenes and to content himself with the editorship of Rabochiy Put, then the cover-name of Pravda.

Lenin, who was forced to go into hiding, was the inspirer and initiator of the revolution, the man who, in fact, held the party together. But as President of the Revolutionary Military Committee, Trotsky was the leader and organiser of the rising. Although a member of the committee, Stalin played no

by **SIR ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART**

who headed Britain's Special Mission to the Soviet Government, 1918

directly active part in the insurrection.

This curious omission, which can be explained only by caution and not by any cowardice, was later a source of great embarrassment to his admirers and, doubtless, to the hero himself, and today every falsification that has been made to repair the damage.

The history text-books have been altered in order to present Stalin as the leader of the rising. Pictures, painted by well-known Soviet artists, show him as a dashing young hero standing beside the guns, directing the fire and encouraging the insurgents.

In the official history of the Civil War in the U. S. S. R. Trotsky's name is mentioned only thirteen times; on each occasion to denounce him as a traitor or a saboteur of the rising and never, either in the text or in the highly imaginary pictures, to indicate that he was in charge of the operations.

Praise for Trotsky

This vain-glory on Stalin's part was both unnecessary and stupid; unnecessary because Stalin himself subsequently achieved sufficient power and fame to satisfy even the most ambitious potentate; stupid because, as Mr Deutscher says in his admirable biography, "in spite of their best intentions and indubitable zeal, the official Soviet historians have not been able to write Stalin's name into the blanks left by the deletion of Trotsky's."

Moreover, Stalin is the best witness against himself, for exactly a year after the revolution he wrote for Pravda an anniversary article in which he ascribed to Trotsky the main credit for the success of the rising. The praise was meant to be faint, but today it is more damning to Stalin than to Trotsky, for although the ideology has been expunged from Stalin's works, copies of Pravda exist abroad.

I myself can bear witness to the comparative insignificance of Stalin during the first months after the revolution, for I have in my possession an album of Bolshevik portraits, published in February 1918. It contains several portraits of Lenin and Trotsky, of other leading Bolsheviks, and, indeed, of many minor figures who have long since been forgotten. There is no portrait of Stalin.

Stalin, however, knew how to wait. His first chance came when Lenin sent him as Political Commissar to Tseretyn, the city which, re-named Stalingrad in 1929, was to raise his fame to the highest pinnacle in the second world war. Here by his ruthless methods he restored the situation and became for the first time a public figure.

He wins power

It was not, however, until 1922, when he was appointed General-Secretary of the Party, that he began to feel and use his power. It was the key post, for it gave him control of the inner levers of the Government machine.

Fate favoured the opportunity, for within two months of Stalin's appointment Lenin suffered his first stroke. Today Stalin's historians portray Stalin not only as the favourite disciple of Lenin but also as the only

orthodox executor of his policy. Legend and historical falsifications make it almost impossible to define the exact nature of the relations between the two men.

Ill as he was, Lenin foresaw the likelihood of a split in the Party after his death, and in an article published in Pravda in March 1923, he made a crushing attack on Stalin whom he accused of "playing into the hands of our Soviet and Party bureaucracy." Nevertheless, he had a shrewd sense of Stalin's value as a man of action, and it is unlikely that his criticisms meant anything more than a cautionary rebuke.

Lenin died in January 1924, and the question of the succession settled itself. Trotsky was recuperating in the Caucasus. Stalin was in Moscow, and the man on the spot triumphed. With his characteristic combination of canniness and ruthlessness he proceeded to consolidate his personal position and to prepare the way for the triumph of Communism in one country.

Four aims governed his policy. To be free from capitalist encirclement, the Soviet Union must be strong and unified. To be strong the Soviet Union had to be industrialised. To be effectively industrialised agriculture had to be mechanised, and collectivised and the surplus peasant population drafted into industry. To have a free hand

for himself, he had to rid himself of the Bolshevik intellectuals.

Between 1924 and 1928 he pursued these aims with patient but relentless vigour.

Within a year of Lenin's death he had forced Trotsky to resign from his post of Commissar for War. By 1927 the Old Guard opposition had been expelled or reduced to submission.

In 1928 he began his campaign for the mechanised collectivisation of agriculture and, in order to conceal the true nature of his reform, asserted almost to the last moment that expropriation of the Kulaks would be folly.

The great purges

At the same time he forged ahead with his gigantic plans for new waterways, for the electrification of the country and, above all, for the development of coal and iron. Untold human life was expended, but the work went on.

In December 1934, Kirov, Stalin's friend, was assassinated. The murder was the prelude to the final reckoning with the intellectuals, and in the purges of 1930, 1937 and 1938 the Old Guard, several of them intimate friends of Lenin, were "liquidated."

With typical prudence, Stalin also rid himself of the awkward presence of Yagoda and Yezhov.

In building a workers' State, Stalin, the cobbler's son, took on the majesty of the Tsars

the two OGPU chiefs who had carried out the numerous death sentences.

Stalin was now supreme at home, but foreign affairs and, in particular, the rise of Hitler were new cares. For a time he allowed Litvinov a more or less free hand to negotiate a defensive alliance with France and Britain.

Suspicious by nature, Stalin had no confidence in the British and French Governments, which he suspected of acquiescence in an attack by Germany on the Soviet Union.

Munich seemed to confirm his mistrust, and in May 1939, he dismissed Litvinov and replaced him by the faithful Molotov, who at once established contact with the Nazis.

Pact with Nazis

The protracted negotiations ended in the Ribbentrop-Molotov Pact of August 24, 1939. At the dinner which celebrated this Nazi-Communist alliance, Stalin, according to Ribbentrop's report, belittled the British Army and the Royal Navy, said the Royal Air Force lacked pilots, and gave high praise to the French Army.

Later Stalin asserted with hindsight that he had always foreseen the inevitability of war between the Soviet Union and Germany and that the Pact gave him time to strengthen the Soviet armed forces, whose cadre of officers had been seriously weakened by the purges. He therefore claimed that the Pact enabled the Soviet Union to defeat the Nazi hordes and thus to save the world.

His motives at the time were different. He calculated that, whether France and Britain or Germany and Italy won, the war would be long. At the end both sides would be exhausted, and the Soviet army would be master of Europe.

What he did not foresee was the speedy collapse of France, and when Hitler attacked his ally in June 1941, the Soviet Union was not ready and was nearly overrun. For the subsequent desperate resistance the chief credit must go to Stalin himself, who revealed remarkable qualities of leadership, courage and political acumen.

Assuming the title of Generalissimo, he dealt ruthlessly with

weaknesses, but relaxed much of the severity of the Communist regime by exalting the masses and officers, enlisting the help of the Church, and appealing successfully to the innate patriotism of the Russian people.

So long as the final issue was in doubt he accepted eagerly the aid supplied to him by the Western Allies, welcomed President Roosevelt and Mr Churchill to conferences in or conveniently near Moscow, and by lip-service to the Atlantic Charter and other idealistic war aims encouraged the hope that an understanding between East and West might be permanent. Indeed, he impressed his qualities of foresight and statesmanship on President Roosevelt, Mr Churchill, Lord Beaverbrook and the Allied military commanders who met him.

At no time, however, was the collaboration between the Soviet Union and its Western Allies as close as the latter desired, and the delay in forming a Second Front in Europe evoked bitter criticism from Stalin.

Acute controversy

What happened at the fateful conferences of Teheran and Yalta is still a subject of acute controversy among historians and strategists. One conclusion, however, can be made with certainty. Stalin realised much sooner than the British and American leaders that the war was won and, proceeding to go his own way, occupied all the important strategic vantage points in Europe and, eventually, in the Far East.

When the end came he had added 179,040 square miles to the territories of the Soviet Union and had brought 21,418,500 people under its subjection in Europe alone, exclusive of the satellite countries.

He was the real victor of the war, and his prestige in the Communist world rose enormously.

ON MONDAY, Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart continues this assessment of Stalin by shifting the spotlight on his post-war aims and policies, and on the decisions he made which would have troubled the conscience of other men.

THE MAN WHO BROKE WITH STALIN SEES NO DANGER OF WAR

By **R. M. MacCOLL**



Marshal Tito

MARSHAL TITO, head of the Yugoslav State, who is on his way to Britain on an official visit, told me in an interview before he left:—

1 He may seek a formal treaty of friendship with the United Kingdom while he is in London.

2 If Russia makes an armed attack on West Germany, Yugoslavia would come in immediately.

The marshal received me for an hour at his private villa in Belgrade, a pleasantly unostentatious suburb of this capital city of Yugoslavia.

He expressed the emphatic view that although Yugoslavia is alert and vigilant for anything, a general war will not come.

BECAUSE of the strengthening of the West, and its decision to resist aggression.

BECAUSE "I do not think that the Russians are able to embark on a general war."

As an example of the building up of Western strength he cited, with evident satisfaction, the defence agreement just concluded between Yugoslavia, Greece, and Turkey.

This, he said, will act as a barrier against potential ag-

gression and "had shattered the Balkan powder keg."

Tito was very laconic, very affable, frequently bursting into hearty laughter. And he was frank....

The possibility of some sort of formal agreement with Britain to mark his five-day visit came up when I asked if that might be one of the results.

What about BRITAIN?

TITO revealed that this is indeed in his mind—but is so recent a development that so far he has not even discussed it with his Government colleagues.

What he would like to see, he added, would be some sort of political-economic agreement with Britain. But that would depend on "what is possible or useful in present conditions and we must study to determine what is the general feeling on this matter."

He made it quite clear that whatever agreement he might wish to see with Britain he is not now interested in any new military guarantees.

"In such a situation as we find at present it is not of primary importance to have written guarantees. I believe that the leaders of the Western nations are sufficiently perceptive to realise what the loss of any country to an aggressor might mean and that it

is to their own interest to defend any potential victim of aggression."

Bluntly and soberly, he added: "For us it is important to get arms—that is the best guarantee of all."

Jovial, red-faced Professor Petnicki, who was doing a running translation of the interview, here broke in to explain: "You understand the Marshal is not against written guarantees as such, but thinks that they are not necessary at this stage."

Although Tito speaks English quite well he prefers, naturally, to answer questions in his own tongue.

Thus, while Tito sipped Yugoslav plum brandy and now and then a glass of sweet vermouth, from the Dalmatian coast, Professor Petnicki carried on a skilful job of interpretation.

What about PEACE?

TITO is nothing if not a realist. In answer to my further question about peace prospects, whether he foresees a heightening of the tension during the coming summer and autumn, he answered "No."

The supply of modern weapons to Yugoslavia, "went rather slowly at first," said Tito. "Now we are a little behind in jets but everything else is coming along."

"I maintain the point of view, and it is a realistic one," he said, "that an isolated war in Europe is impossible because it

would mean further penetration by the aggressor Power."

Yugoslavia does not seem to join either the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation or the European Defence Community because, explained Tito, he understands the difficulties involved. She wishes to find "a formula for co-operating without actually joining."

"We understand the difficulties and birth pains of the European Defence Community, and it only complicates matters if we seek to join it or to have a guarantee from it. Some countries would be against giving such a guarantee."

"I am quite sure that Italy would, for example. And there are certain other countries, or groups within countries, which have an instinctively hostile view of the world situation."

When I raised the question of Tito's long quarrel with the Roman Catholic Church the marshal's expressive face assumed a slightly sardonic expression.

What about the CHURCH?

HE said: "There is in Yugoslavia ample understanding of the problems of the Western nations. There are certain groups in other countries—Catholic groups, for instance, and the Vatican—which lack a similar understanding—and these groups exist in your country too."

A new law to fix the relations of Church and State is soon to come before Parliament.

Tito laughed loudly when he said: "The Church is the place for religious instruction, and there are plenty of churches in Yugoslavia and lots of accommodation in them."

Serious again: "The teaching of the young belongs to the State, and it must never depart from that."

And then, fairly implacable once more, he pointed out that the new law is to be based on the model used by France and the United States.

"No war at all," he said, "he said that while in England the question of the Church and any question of internal policy will anyone."

JOHNNY HAZARD



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Flowers and fruit have gone to the head for Spring:
Below left: Steiner puts a halo of wild strawberries on his cherub cut, sprays the hair with a new colour, 'Pink Orchid.'

Below right: Giant marguerite petals form the brim of a hat by model milliner Rudolph, designed for Ascot.



VICTORIAN REVIVAL

By Hazel Moyrick

London. If you've always regarded Victorian underwear as something to giggle at, it's time to change your mind. For Coronation year interest in fashions of former times has brought to London a craze for wearing the lingerie of the modest nineties, and there are signs the fashion will catch on overseas too.

The formula is simple. You make everything as voluminous as possible. Take as many yards of cotton as you can buy, gather them up into a petticoat or night-gown, add several rows of lace, and throw in some flounces for good measure. Then wear it with ribbon slotted through.

This return to the Victorian era has sent everyone scurrying to an obscure London junk-shop. Covent Garden is the 'Delightful Muddle.' Its name is an apt description, for the shop is a jumble of Victorian bric-a-brac in which ear-trumpets and samplers jostle glass prisms and loggnettes.

Hidden away in this delectable nostalgic collection is Victorian underwear that can be bought for a song. Camisoles and petticoats, unworn and taken from the bottom drawers and hope chests of the nineties. There are elaborately hand-tucked nightgowns with ballooning sleeves and high-fastening collars and camisoles be-slotted with pink ribbon. There are even cambric combinations worn by the bright young things of Victoria's day — which are

Advice On Making Good Sauerkraut

GENEVA, N.Y. The success making sauerkraut at home depends chiefly on knowing how much salt to use and how to pack and store the kraut during the 'curing' process.

The N. Y. Agricultural Experiment Station and the Cornell University of College of Home Economics at Ithaca recommend a mixture of 45 pounds of shredded cabbage and one pound of salt to make 18 quarts of sauerkraut.

The mixture should stand three to five minutes then be placed in a stone crock, paraffined barrel or jar. A clean cover and a weight should be placed on top of the crock or barrel.

If it is to be used by the end of the winter, it will keep without processing.—United Press.



NEW FOR SPRING—1
Frocks of striped tulle and pillow ticking.

NEW YORK

HOLIDAY TWOSOMES for 1953 are cotton dresses with matching wool cardigans. Woolens tone with their cotton companions and are trimmed with bands of the cotton material.

New HOME IDEA for collecting bridal cutlery canteens god-parents or relations give one complete place setting for christening, birthday and Christmas presents. By the time the girl is 21 she has a large and valuable canteen.

SAN FRANCISCO

SO many American husbands help regularly with household chores in the evenings that shops are selling large washing-up aprons for men, trimmed with pipes, beer mugs and encouraging slogans.

BOMBAY

AN American girl who flew home with me in the Comet was wearing a cute pillbox hat of leopard fur-patterned silk. It reminded me of the beautiful fur-print silks featured by both Dior and Givenchy last autumn.

Back in London I find these attractive fur prints in several spring collections. Rix has sketched a two-purpose dress in poplin, patterned like a leopard's pelt.

I have also seen this leopard fur design as a silk jacket over a plain beige dress and as the lining to a smart-as-an-overcoat black gaberdine raincoat.

Round-the-world fashion report from Eileen Ascroft comes full circle to London

After all that I find only the hem-line is changing

AFTER visiting four continents and a meeting women of 14 nations in four months it was a pleasant surprise to see the women I know best through new eyes.

Three English characteristics have struck me during my first three days at home. THE CLEAR COMPLEXION of Englishwomen and their delicate colouring. It is envied the world over—even if it is a product of our terrible climate.

THEIR SLIM FIGURE and good carriage. More women here over the age of 40 keep their figures in trim than anywhere else — and that includes America.

HAPPY EXPRESSIONS. It is the only country in the world where the average woman in the street really looks as if she is enjoying life.



NEW FOR SPRING—2
Fur-print cotton poplin.

And within the last few days it has arrived in a London shop and is selling in rayon, at 6s. 9d. a yard.

SINGAPORE

THE Duchess of Kent's fashion personality is still stamped firmly on this city after her visit. She lifted COTTON into the courtier class and many women who have worn silk all their lives now vary it with smart cotton dresses by day in the clear pastel pinks, blues and yellows that the Duchess introduced. At night you see them dancing in Raffles Hotel in cotton organdie and lace.

AUSTRALIA

THIS is the last stronghold of the really LARGE HAT. Everybody wears them, from shopgirls to business women and fashion models.

When I called on Mrs Joan Rosanove, Melbourne's only practising woman barrister, I found her sitting in her dusty legal chambers in a trim black silk suit, with an enormous black carwheel hat you would expect to see on a film star.

In Sydney I lunched with a leading business woman, Miss Sylvia Ashby, who runs an American-style research bureau. She arrived with briefcase, looking sleek and efficient in a tailored black suit, white blouse and a black and white tulle picture hat that would have enhanced the Ascroft scene.

TASMANIA

DENIM is having as big a boom on the other side of the world as it did in Britain

ROME

HERE sports clothes are as elegant as ballgowns. I round BLACK TIGHTS everywhere, with sweater and shirt tops that must be sloppy in appearance and at least three sizes too big.

Designers are showing just as many short evening dresses as long ones (10in.-12in. from the ground).

HONOLULU

HOUSES are filled with luxurious INDOOR PLANTS. In one I even had a hibiscus and a bougainvillea in my bathroom.

Keen to copy the idea in London I find there are several green plants which do well in a damp, warm atmosphere and would thrive near the bathtub. These include Rex Begonia, Ficus Elasticus and Tradescantia.

THE NEW SYNTHETIC FABRICS

By ELEANOR ROSS

THERE'S a lot going on in the textile world these days, and while the research and new developments are aimed at adding to our already wide range of fabrics, some of it is proving more than a bit confusing to the average housewife.

Before synthetic fibres and new blends in fabric became so numerous, a shopper could find her way around without much trouble. She knew what a label that said "nylon" meant when she found it on an item or, yardage in the store, and she rejoiced in the easy washability of this synthetic yarn. Each new synthetic makes claims, each one is hailed as the last word.

The shopper wants to know not only about the claims and uses of these fabrics, but, more important, she wants some information on what kind of performance to expect. Just calling it a "miracle" fibre isn't enough for a woman who wants to know if she can put it in the washing machine, whether it should be ironed and at what heat, and whether it will give sturdy service. As a result of the pressure exerted by shoppers, the big textile and retail store people have decided it's about time to label the new synthetics in a more informative manner, so that we know what a fabric can be expected to do and how it can be maintained, as well as what it contains.

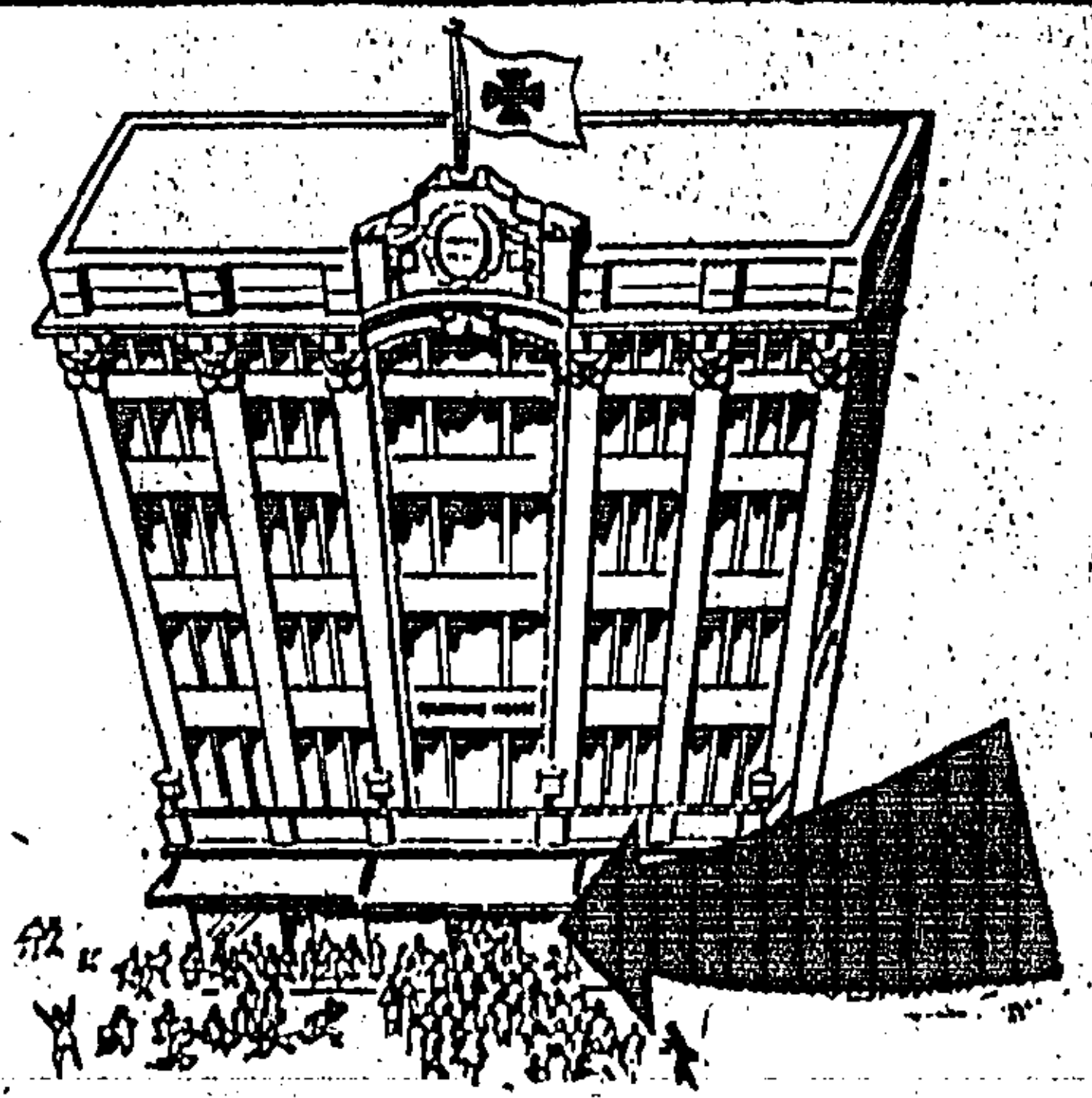
In connection with all this, it has been pointed out that all of the characteristics claimed by some of the new fibres do not always show up in performance. The finish given a fabric is as important, or sometimes more important, than the composition of a fabric.

Fault of Finish. For instance, a great to-do is made about the ability of some fabric to hold pleats even after repeated washings. But sometimes the pleats do not survive laboratory tests. We are told that this is not the fault of the fibre, but rather of the finish. The pleats are originally "heat-set," but if this process is not perfectly performed, the pressing will still be necessary after washing.

Some Advantages

The new synthetic and blends are so wonderful on the whole, that in time women can look for perfection in promise and performance. For one thing, most have a low-moisture content, have good wrinkle resistance, mildew and moth resistance. Non-water born spots, such as grease, are often more difficult to remove from synthetics than they are from natural fibres, but water-soluble spots are easily removed.

All in all, this synthetic fabric world is far from perfect, but it is working hard for improvement, and we women, especially those of us who are fast-tag conscious, are doing much to effect these important improvements.



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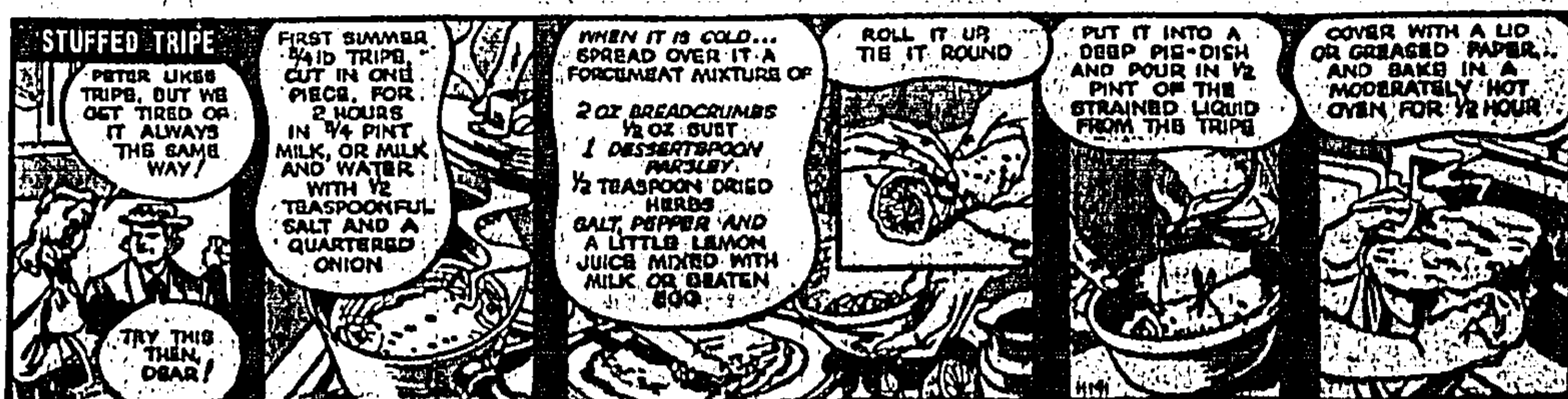
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THE Countess of Limerick, Vice-Chairman of the Executive Committee of the British Red Cross Society, conversing with one of the patients at the Bowen Road Military Hospital during her visit of inspection last week. On the right, she is watching blood being taken from a donor at the Statue Square Blood Bank Clinic. (Staff Photographer)

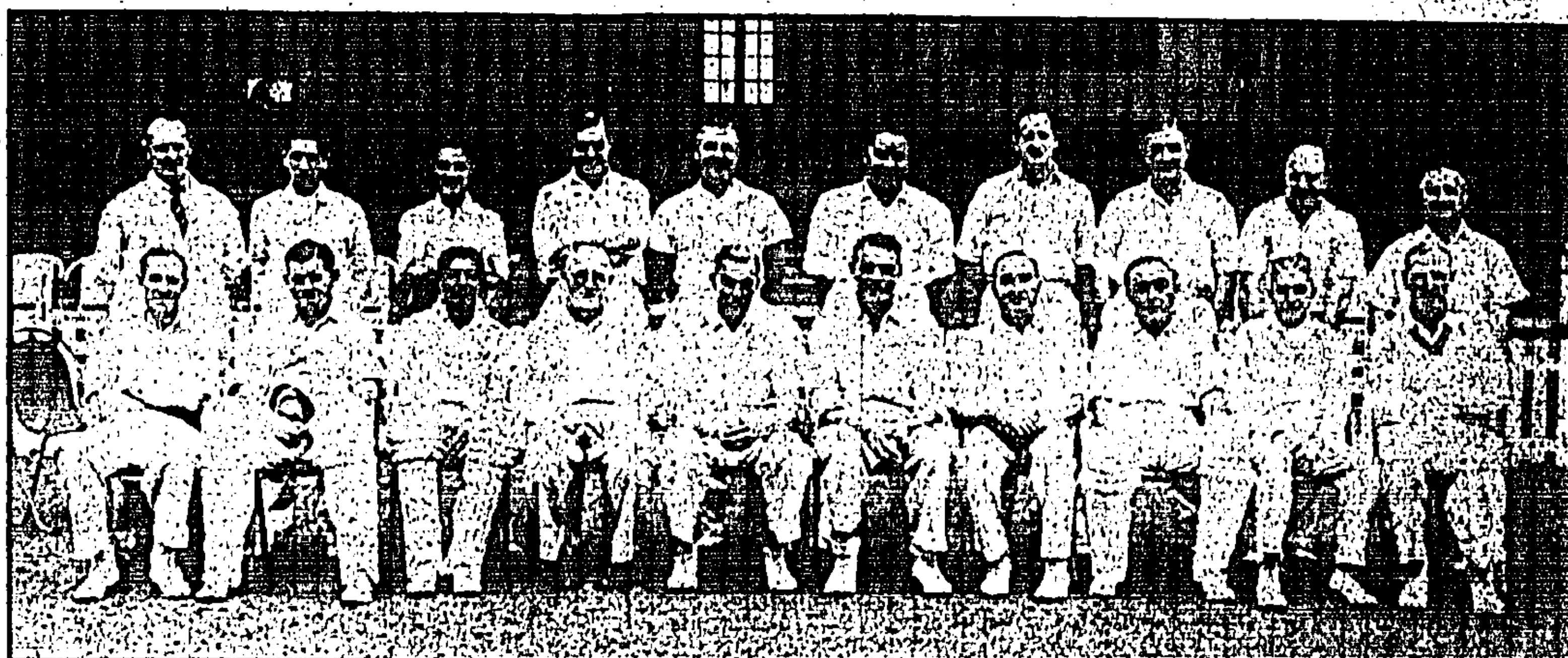


CANDLES forming the familiar "Y" triangle being lighted by Mrs. Ellen Li, President of the Hongkong Young Women's Christian Association, at a ceremony marking its 33rd anniversary. (Mainland)



AT the opening of the new Jockey Club wing of the Ruttonjee Sanatorium. Sir Arthur Morse, who formally opened the building, is on extreme left. Next to him, from left to right, are Mother Superior M. Mercedes, the Hon. Dr. T. N. Chau, Chairman of the Board of Management, Mrs. Chau, Lady Morse and the Matron, Sister Martha. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Capt. J. Howson, DSC, RN, inspecting Hongkong Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve recruits who took part in a passing-out parade at Defence Force Headquarters last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



FRIENDLY cricket at the Hongkong Cricket Club last Sunday. Old Shanghaianders met Old Hongkongites, and lost to the latter by 37 runs. Picture shows those who took part. (Staff Photographer)



MR Leung Ying-yuen, of the editorial staff of the Chinese-language Truth Daily, and his bride, formerly Miss Siu Ngan-kwan, photographed after their wedding at the Registry on Monday.

BELOW: Pierre Piry, seated in centre of the middle row, and friends who helped him to celebrate his 12th birthday last week. Pierre is the son of Mr and Mrs J. Piry. (Willie's)



MR and Mrs J. N. England with their baby daughter, Susan Margaret, on the occasion of her christening at St John's Cathedral last Sunday. (Moo Cheung)

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in poplins • linens • cottons

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Vaquette
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A cheerful group at the dance for junior officers of the Services at the Peninsula Hotel on Thursday evening. From left: Anthony Beath, Rosemary Prior, Andrew Herbert, Sally Anne Pancras, Peter Simpson, Frank Fleming, Jon Wynn Edwards, Tony Towell and Suzette Stone. The dance was organised by the Forces Civilian Entertainment and Welfare Committee. (Staff Photographer)

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MR and Mrs Victor Douglas Russell receiving the good wishes of friends at their wedding reception last Saturday. The bride, formerly Miss Mary Elspeth Terry, is the daughter of the Hon. and Mrs C. E. Terry. The wedding took place at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, pictured at Tai Lam Chung, New Territories, last week when he inspected work on the new dam there. With him are the Hon. Theodore L. Bowring, Director of Public Works, and Mr Lam Chik-suen, representing the contractors. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at St Joseph's Church last Saturday following the wedding of Mr James Arthur Seymour Baskett and Miss Dorothy Kathryn Burman. (Staff Photographer)



SUSAN, daughter of Dr and Mrs H. Talbot, was five years old last Sunday, and many of her young friends joined her at a happy party at the Jewish Recreation Club. Her mother is standing beside her. (Ming Yuen)



THE Rev. Frederick Temple, who is to be installed Dean of St John's Cathedral next Thursday, seen with his family aboard RMS Canton on their arrival last week. (Staff Photographer)



PLAYERS who took part in the exhibition match at Fanling last Sunday with Max Faulkner, former British open golf champion. Left to right: J. D. Mackie, Colony champion, K. S. Kinghorn, Max Faulkner, D. S. Robb and H. R. Cleland, the Club Captain who acted as umpire. (Ming Yuen)



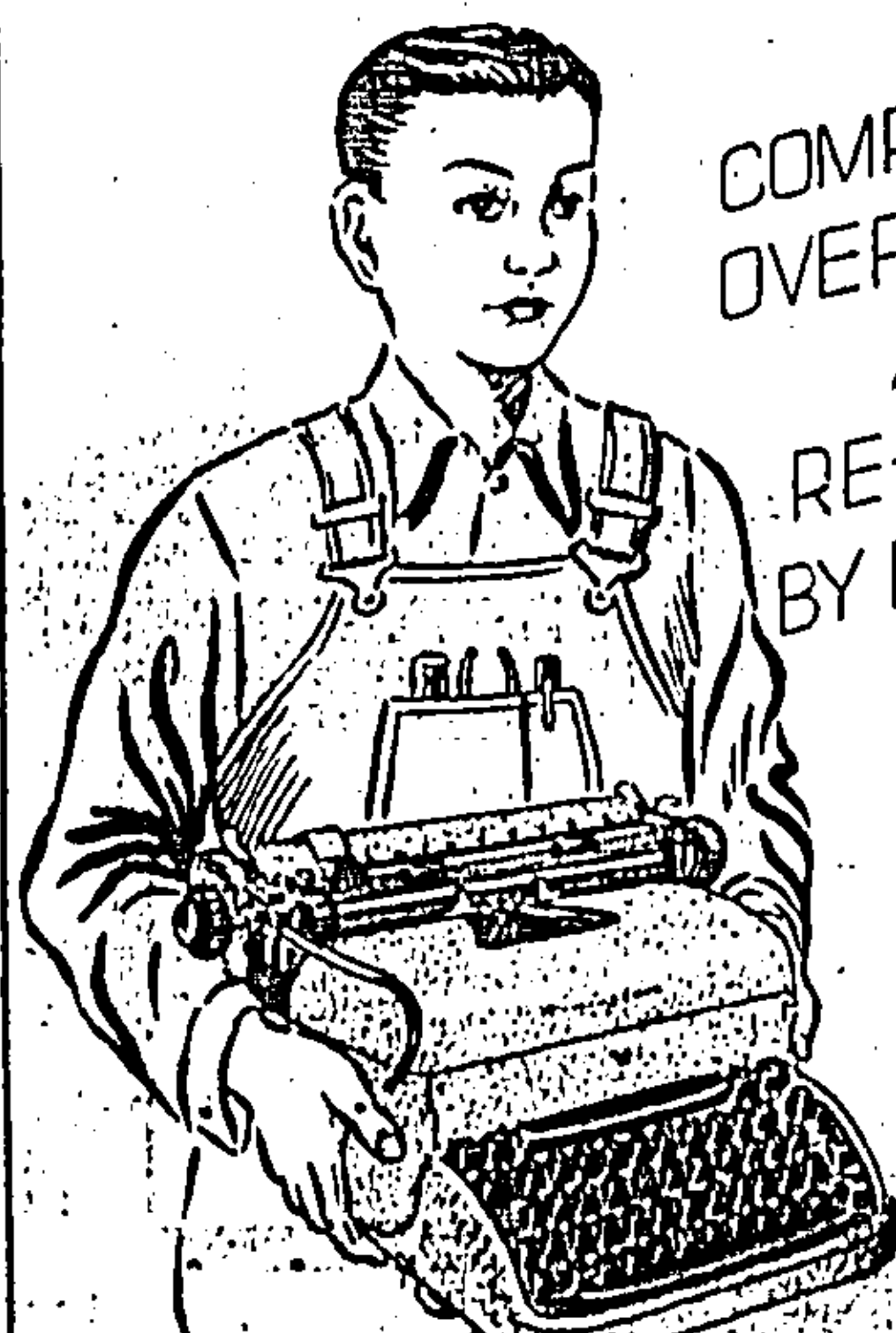
RIGHT: At the Kam Ling Restaurant last week, Messrs Johnson, Stokes and Master entertained their retiring senior partner, the Hon. M. M. Watson, at a farewell dinner. Mr Wong Chak-nam is seen presenting him with a silver cigar box engraved with the signatures of the staff. (Ming Yuen)



FORMER members of the late Gen. Ordo Wingate's Chindit force of Burma fame at their reunion dinner, held at the Cafe de Chine last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Mr E. L. Groom, Managing Director of Messrs Gibb, Livingston and Co., Ltd., making a presentation to Mr Leung Fatin, the firm's Chinese Manager, who is retiring after 34 years' service. (Staff Photographer)

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GROUP photograph taken on the occasion of a luncheon given by Mr U Sze-wing to Mr and Mrs E. R. Hill to say farewell to them on their departure from the Colony. Group consists of members of Messrs Dodwell and Co., Ltd. as well as their friends, including Mr and Mrs W. S. T. Lowy, Mr and Mrs Tang Shiu-kin, Mr D. Beaton and Mr and Mrs A. H. Potts. (Ming Yuen)

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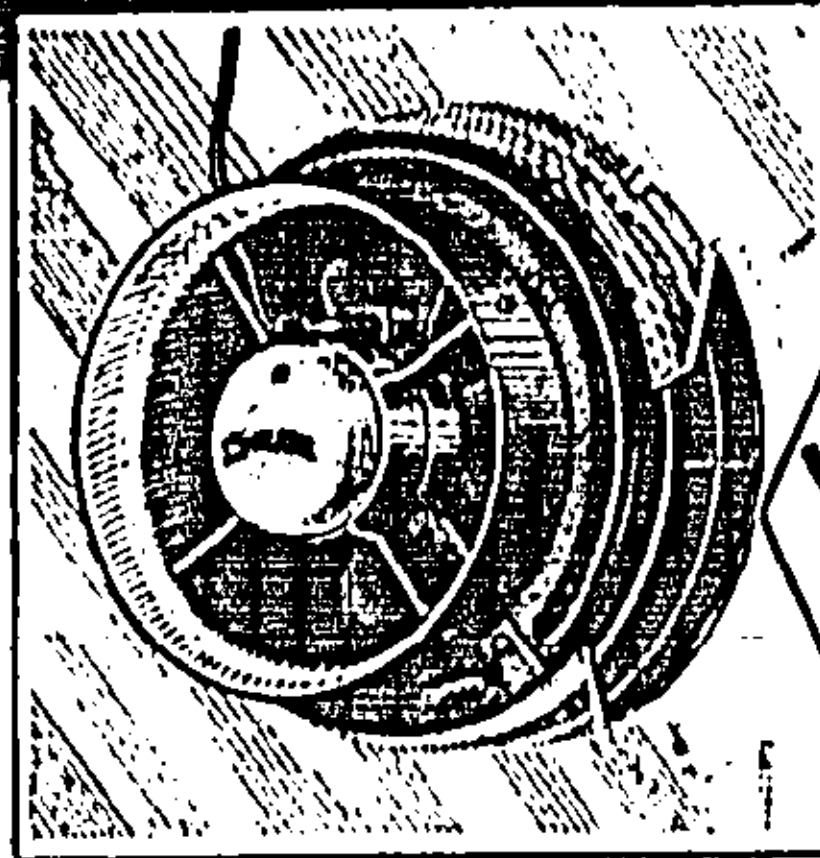
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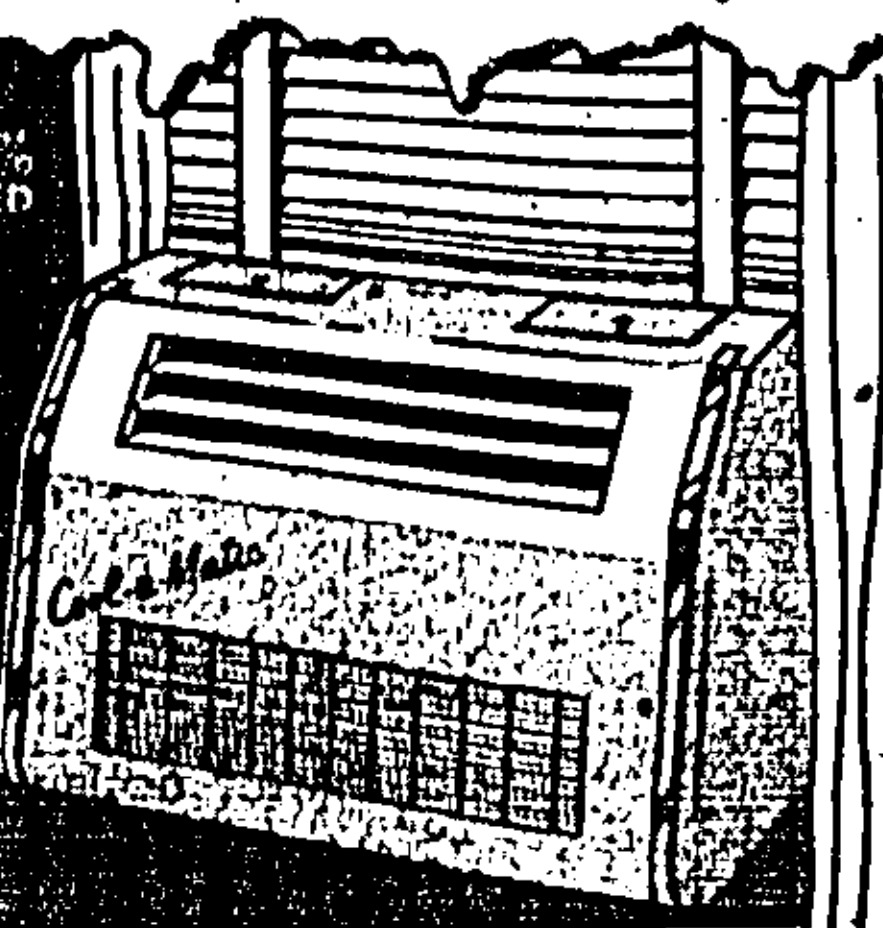
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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

Ghastly Good Taste Brigade

The things they can do to your home!

YOU see on the right an Awful Warning on what can happen to your home if it gets into the hands of the Ghastly Good Taste Boys.

They are the boys who go overboard for a new craze in furnishing, who set up a whole series of new standards, and who so often end up by making a parody of the style they are trying to sell you.

I issue this caution to the women about to furnish or refurnish their home: Beware the Ghastly Good Taste Boys—for it is a razor-edge line that divides fashionable good taste in home decoration from Oshert Lancaster-Land.

Beware, but keep an eye on them. For they mostly have something good to say.

BEWARE the 18th Century Boys who tell you that nothing good in furnishing has been designed since 1700, and that if you can't afford the originals the best you can do is to buy reproductions.

For that elegant 18th century chair is apt to be terribly straight in the back and short in the seat—designed for women who sat with rammed backs. And that glossy polish takes a lot of looking after.

KEEP AN EYE on their ideas though, for elegance.

On the colours, which are pale and delicate but very clear. On the bookcases and mantelpieces and small tables, for they are always simple and balanced and practical.

It's solid

BEWARE the Victorian Boys, for the colours they admire are so dark—olive green walls and port wine curtains. And the ornate silver they admire takes hours to clean.

Beware their enthusiasm for everlasting flowers—even when fresh flowers are cheap. For indiscriminate clutter, and birds in glass cages, on every square inch of space. It was all right when there was plenty of room and plenty of servants; but it is messy and tiresome in a modern flat—especially when it leaves no room for an ashtray.

KEEP AN EYE on their ideas, though, for their virtues. The furniture was solid in Victorian times, and so was the eating. You can count on them for legs that don't come off; table silver that suggests good food.

On the march

BEWARE the Modern Contemporary Boys, because a roomful of modern furniture standing on pin legs looks as if it were on the march.

Because all that bleached food in the same colour and grain is so boring. Because there is so much ugliness in details like handles and knobs. And because the so-functionalism makes it look as if you could turn a hose on the lot.

Beware the view that it's a waste of space to have an ornament that does not do anything, or a piece of furniture that does not do two things.

KEEP AN EYE on them, though, for the clear lines and the easy-to-keep-cleanliness of it all. For the sharp, bright colours. For the fact that each piece is made for a job and does it well. For the lightness, the comfort, and the indoor gardens.

The battle

GOOD FURNISHING, I think, is very like good dressing. It is a constant battle between what is elegant and what is comfortable.

It is always safe to find a formula and stick to it—but you risk being dull. It is always fun to change with each new fashion—but it's costly, and you risk being absurd.

Probably the only principle worth following (although the Good Taste Boys would persuade you otherwise) is to learn how to select what suits you and your family—and how to add an occasional refresher from each new fashion.

D.E.



Diet-minded?

Try This New Theory

BOSTON.

People who eat between meals are likely to have an easier job keeping their weight down than those who don't, according to a research scientist from the Harvard School of Public Health.

Dr. Frederick J. Stare said the reason is that "nibbling" dulls the appetite for lunch or dinner, so less food is consumed at meal-time.

"To keep from over-weight," said Dr. Stare, "the calorie intake must not be greater than calorie expenditure. By nibbling before dinner, a person loses his appetite for a dessert."

"By nibbling a piece of candy before dinner on a snack, you might consume 100 calories as against 300 calories in pie a la mode."

There should be a certain control of between-meal nibbling, he warned, especially through some knowledge of the calorie count of the food nibbled. Experiments at the American School of Public Health have shown that persons who eat hearty breakfasts are more apt to keep slim than those who eat only orange-juice and black coffee, Dr. Stare added.

He explained that this is because those who eat high protein breakfasts of cereal and bacon and eggs do not eat big lunches. In addition, they are better prepared for effective work.

Lamb And Vegetable Casserole

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

"THERE is no meat that combines better with vegetables than lamb," observed the Chef, adding the last bit of eggplant to a huge casserole. "I am using three pounds breast of lamb today, with six seasonable expensive vegetables, and some sliced lemon for the flavour zip. This casserole is enough for six or eight persons if served with cracked wheat pilaff."

"That's because cracked wheat contains 14 percent protein, as well as natural wheat germ. Cracked wheat is not often cooked in the average household in this country. It's a bit out of style, probably, because it needs long cooking."

"But that is no excuse for not using a good food!" exclaimed the Chef. "After all, it is the job of the mama to make the most of the food money by using not-expensive foods. Cracked wheat pilaff is easy to prepare, everybody likes it, it is delicious. Just remember to start it early."

DINNER

Chilled Grapefruit Sections
Lamb Casserole—Near East
Cracked Wheat Pilaff
Tossed Cheddar Cheese Salad
Mocha Gingerbread Squares
Coffee Tea Milk

All Measurements Are Level Unless Stated
Recipes Serve Four

Lamb Casserole Near East

Wash 3 lb. shoulder of lamb. Remove excess fat; cut the meat in serving pieces. Dust with 2 tsp. salt mixed with 1½ tsp. monosodium glutamate, ¼ tsp. cheese for each person before pepper and 1/3 c. enriched flour. Next, prepare and mix the salad.

vegetables. These may consist of 5 sliced unpeeled tomatoes or 1 (No. 2) tin tomatoes; 2 c. small-diced peeled summer or winter squash; 1 small unpeeled eggplant cut in 1" dice; 3 sweet green peppers cut in strips; ½ lb. shredded green beans; 6 large onions peeled and sliced thin; 1 small section garlic minced fine, and 2 peeled thin-sliced lemons.

In a casserole arrange the meat and vegetables in layers. Pour in water to fill the dish one-fourth. Cover, and bake about 1½ hrs. in a moderate oven, 350° F.-375° F., or until the lamb is tender. Serve with cracked wheat pilaff or flaky rice.

Cracked Wheat Pilaff

Mix 2 c. cracked wheat and 1 tsp. salt with 6 c. warm water in a double-boiler top. Cover and let stand 30 min. Cook and stir until boiling. Add 3 beef bouillon cubes. Then place over hot water and steam 2 hrs. Stir in 1½ c. minced tomato and 1 tsp. butter. Steam 30 min. longer, or until tender.

Mocha Gingerbread Squares

Beat 1 egg; add 1 c. unsulphured molasses, ½ melted shortening (any kind), 2 tsp. ginger, 2 tsp. soluble coffee and 2/3 c. sugar. Mix thoroughly. Then stir in 1 c. boiling water. Sift together 3 c. already-sifted enriched flour, 1 tsp. baking soda and 1 tsp. salt. Beat into the first mixture. Transfer to an oiled 7"x11" baking pan. Bake 40 to 45 min. in moderate oven, 350° F.

TRICK OF THE CHEF

Add ½ tsp. grated Cheddar cheese for each person before tossing a plain green lettuce.

SASHED SUIT

One of

Matill's ultra-

feminine sashed

suits for the

spring. This

suit is in fine

black and

white wool,

which has the

appearance of

horsehair

canvas, but is

silky to feel,

with a slender

skirt and nip-

wasted jacket.

The black silk

sash is slotted

through the

jacket bodice

and falls to the

hemline in

front.

Parallel Strokes

Bamboo, glass fibre, plastic or split reed shades may be wiped with a soapy cloth, then with a clean damp one. Use strokes parallel with the binding, not across it, when cleaning edging. Shades of these materials should be allowed to dry naturally.

Paper shades come clean when wiped with a soapy cloth, followed by one wrung out of clear water, that is, if they are undecorated. Shades with designs painted on them should get a patch-test first. The washing process should be accomplished as quickly as possible, and the shades wiped dry with a cloth. To protect them from dust, apply a wax coating when dry.



American Woman's Skin Needs British Austerity

New York.

By GAY PAULEY

One foreign beauty authority says that what the American woman's skin needs is a little British austerity.

Eve Gardiner, who runs a cosmetics salon in London, says one good look at American women's complexions convinced her they—the skins—are pampered too much.

"In America your houses and offices are so warm, so well-heated," she explained, "in a clipped accent. 'In England, our houses are poorly heated. But one thing you can say for chilly rooms. Our skins benefit.'"

"Hot, dry atmosphere causes the skin to dry out," she continued. "I think that's why so many women in America have coarse skins. The pores have to work so hard, trying to keep the skin lubricated."

U. S. Makeup Capital

Miss Gardiner, a dark-haired beauty, has the complexion of the type for which English women are famous.

She has been in the cosmetics business for more than 20 years, and now runs the London office of a Hollywood cosmetic manufacturer. The boss asked her to come to this country to study the laboratory phase of cosmetics manufacture, and see the makeup trends in America.

"Paris may call itself the style centre of the world," she said. "But makeup trends begin in the United States."

Cosmetics users are getting pretty one-world, she said.

"Our London shop caters to customers from all over... the United States, South America, India, China," she continued. "And all of them have pretty much the same cosmetics habits."

Powder Error

One of these universal habits she'd like to cure is the "slap it on, rub it in" technique in "putting on the face."

"If a woman is to wear makeup at all, it's worth putting on properly," she added. Powder, for instance, should be applied to the nose last. Dust powder

on, starting with the outer part of the face, and work your way toward the nose.

"But watch a woman apply it," she warned, "and she starts with the nose first... putting the most powder on her most prominent feature."

And the most neglected feature, she continued, is the eyes.

"A woman wouldn't be caught in public without her lipstick. But I think she looks just as naked without a bit of eyeshadow and mascara."

None of the heavy blue eyeshadow for daytime, she said. Just a "soft grey for accent."

United Press.

TIPS ON WASHING LAMP SHADES

By ELEANOR ROSS

PLENTY of dust and grime in the air, and plenty of it finding its way into the house during the open-window season! This is the time of year when we find our lampshades looking extra grimy.

Fabric shades, if handwoven and not the glued variety, may be washed in a tub of rich suds, detergent or soap. If the seams are glued, they should be handwashed to secure them before washing.

Fabrics That Wash Silk washes well, all but the hand-painted variety. Rayon shantung does well, too, as do

nubby fabrics of cotton and rayon. Cottons such as eyelet, gingham or chiniz also take gracefully to water.

Always give fabric shades a good dusting before sudsing, and remove all metallic ornaments. Test trims for washability.

Dip shades up and down in suds, and as soon as suds look dirty, whip up a fresh batch. Any difficult-to-remove spots should surrender to a good brushing. Rinse shades in several waters, then remove as much moisture as possible by blotting with a clean turkish towel, and finish the job by putting an electric fan nearby.

Shades constructed of fabric backed with parchment or paper may be cleaned by a dry suds solution. Whip up soap or detergent in warm water until a stiff foam is formed. Dust shades well, then apply the foam to the material with a brush, moving down with the grain of the fabric. Then wipe shades with a clean, damp cloth to rinse. Dry quickly with the aid of a fan.

Parallel Strokes

Bamboo, glass fibre, plastic or split reed shades may be wiped with a soapy cloth, then with a clean damp one. Use strokes parallel with the binding, not across it, when cleaning edging. Shades of these materials should be allowed to dry naturally.

Paper shades come clean when wiped with a soapy cloth, followed by one wrung out of clear water, that is, if they are undecorated. Shades with designs painted on them should get a patch-test first. The washing process should be accomplished as quickly as possible, and the shades wiped dry with a cloth. To protect them from dust, apply a wax coating when dry.

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Household Hints

A razor blade is better than scissors for cutting smooth, clean buttonholes in heavy fabric. To protect the fabric surface, bend the place the section of the fabric being cut over a bar of soap.

A good way to disinfect your vacuum cleaner is to sprinkle some moth crystals over the rugs, and then run the cleaner over them. This will also protect the rugs to some extent from moths.

When you choose paint for walls, remember that the color will look stronger on the walls than in the sample. It is generally safe to select a color a little lighter than you want.

THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS

The war's
most fantastic
secret.... disclosed
for the first time

by THE HON.
EWEN E. S. MONTAGU

IN the graveyard of the Spanish town of Huelva, 130 miles north of Gibraltar, there lies a British subject. He died alone in the foggy damp of England in the autumn of 1942.

As he died he little thought that he would lie for ever under the sunny skies of Spain after a funeral with full military honours. Or that he would, after death, render a service that saved many thousands of British and American lives.

In life he had done nothing for his country. In death he did more than most of us have done by a lifetime of service.

Here, then, told for the first time, is the full and true story of one of the best kept and most fascinating secrets of the war.

It discloses the details of an exploit more astonishing than any story in war fiction, an exploit which succeeded beyond our wildest hopes in misleading not only the German generals and admirals who directed the war but even Hitler himself.

Take your mind back to the autumn of 1942. The great Allied invasion of North Africa was moving forward steadily to victory.

Where next?

BY November the planners were facing the momentous decision: after North Africa where do we strike next in the Mediterranean?

Was it to be Greece, to the East, with its old historic road through the Balkans into Germany; Sicily, a sleeping giant to Italy with its threat to Southern Germany; or Sardinia, spring-board to Southern France?

The decision had already been made tentatively—Sicily. Churchill and Roosevelt were about to meet at Casablanca to confirm it. The secret code-name "Husky" had already been given to the plan.

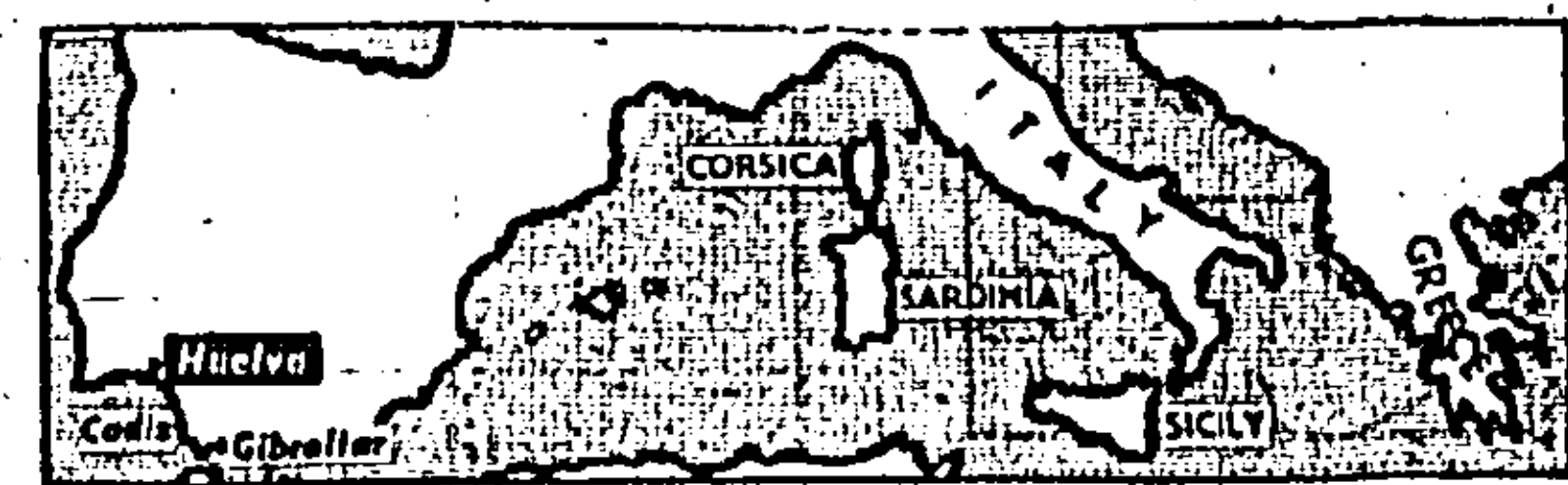
The first vital security problem was how to conceal from the enemy where the blow would fall. Not merely to conceal the facts but to mystify and dupe him into believing that it would be elsewhere than in Sicily.

If we could do so we would for him be withdrawing virtually needed strength from the defences of Sicily, and scattering it in distant places where it could not exert any influence upon the battle.

It all began as the result of a talk between a brother officer and myself. We were both concerned with questions of the security of intended operations.

Ours was an interesting job, but a worrying one. Primarily we had to prevent leakage of Allied intentions during the

THE AREA OF THE OPERATION...



time of preparation. But it developed into much more than that.

The target for Operation Torch, as the North African landings were code-named, might have been almost anywhere in Europe. Therefore the task of trying to prevent the Germans "apprehending" our intentions was one which could be faced with some confidence. But once we had occupied North Africa we realised we would be faced with a very different problem. It seemed to everyone that the Germans would be bound to "apprehend" that Sicily was an objective that would have to be taken,



THE AUTHOR

and their preparation would be based on that assumption.

The difficulty facing us was summed up by Mr. Churchill, when he finally approved our operation, in spite of the risk that, if it went wrong, it would inevitably pinpoint Sicily as our real target. He said: "What does that matter—anybody but a damned fool would know it is Sicily."

How could we convince the Germans otherwise?

In our work we had assembled a team which produced ideas—good, bad, and indifferent—in a constant stream.

Thus, some time previously, when a new order had been issued to try to prevent officers travelling by air from carrying secret papers, one member of our team had suggested we might one day drop a dead man with his pockets full of doctored papers which the Germans might accept as genuine.

That bright idea had been discarded for several reasons—not least of which was that a dead man would be likely to break a limb or suffer other injuries even if dropped by parachute, and an injury received after death is always recognisable.

Finding a body

SUDDENLY "the penny dropped." Why not take advantage of the fact that officers were continually being flown round the coast of Spain to North Africa?

The security of Operation Husky was important enough for us to hope to be able to arrange for the body to be placed in the sea by a submarine, flying boat, or even warship.

If it floated ashore in Spain it was a good bet that any papers on the body would fall into the hands of the German espionage organisation which we knew had penetrated Spain so completely. But we had to find a body. None of us liked this part of the idea very much. Even in the stress of war one's natural respect for the sanctity of the human body remains a powerful instinct.

And first of all there were many practical questions to answer—most of them answerable only by a pathologist of great experience.

The obvious man to consult was Sir Bernard Spilsbury.

So I went to his club, the Junior Carlton, where Sir

er would suspect a "plant" and our plan might be exposed.

Sir Bernard was encouraging. "It is a fact," he said, "that many people who die when an aircraft crashes into the sea do actually die from shock and are therefore lifeless when they come to float in the water. Their lungs are empty."

So far, so good. But we still had to find a suitable body. If the worst came to the worst we might have to "do a Burke and Hare," as a brother officer put it. But we decided that we would have to play the game so far as we could.

Very tentatively we opened inquiries in Service medical circles.

It was a very odd question we had to ask. Could we obtain possession of a body whose cause of death could be confused with shock or drowning or injury?

We encountered deep suspicion, but we did not give up hope. Finally, a report came through about someone who had just died from pneumonia in which form of death there is liquid in the lungs.

And then—

FEVERISHLY we searched through his personal records. His next of kin were alive, and we decided to take a chance on their agreeing to our plan. We could not disclose its details, but it could be made clear how vitally important to the nation it was that we should have the body.

After much discussion we obtained the necessary consent, but only on an undertaking that the true identity of the body would always remain secret.

All I need say here is that the dead man, who was in his early thirties, from that time forward became "MAJOR WILLIAM MARTIN, ROYAL MARINES."

I had now to consult Sir Bernard for the last time.

Over a further glass of sherry I described our "find."

"Excellent," he said. "The death could only be distinguished from drowning by a pathologist of my experience, and there aren't any in Spain."

We were, of course, not yet ready to carry out the operation. So it was arranged that the body should be placed in cold storage until required, and I proceeded to get general approval for our operation.

The first step, as always, was to give it a code name. When I looked at the list of code names allotted to the Admiralty, and found that the next one for use was "Minicemat," it seemed a good omen to my sense of humour, which by now was becoming somewhat morbid.

Threefold task

SO Operation Minicemat it became.

We soon gained consent to go ahead and found ourselves faced with a threefold task.

FIRST, we had to find means to get the body and its deception to Spain, from which point we felt we could rely on the local German organisation to play its part.

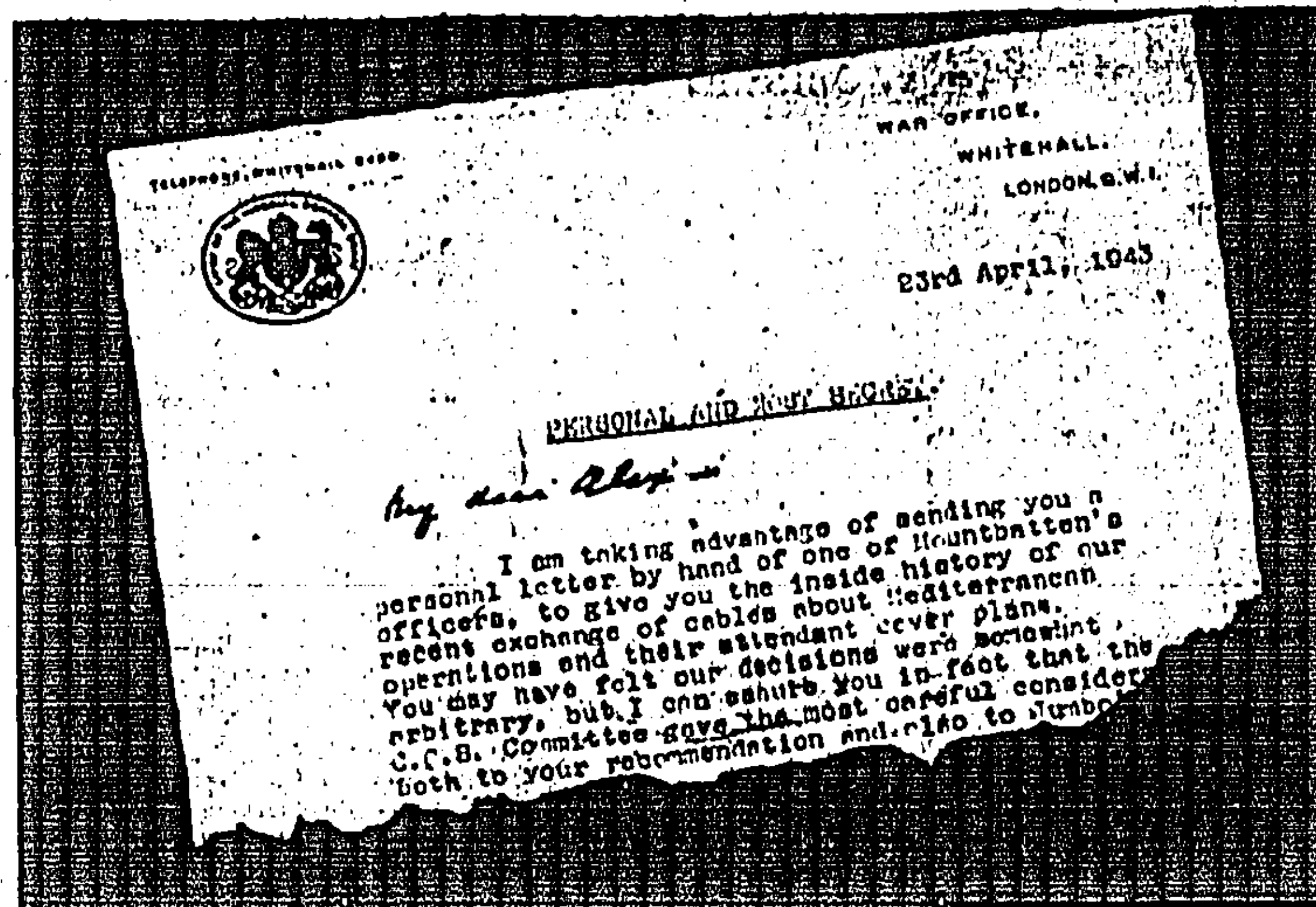
SECOND, we had to devise documents of such a convincing nature that the Germans would be prepared to base decisions of vital strategic policy on them.

THIRD, we had to provide our corpse with a personality, so as to make the Germans believe that he was a real person with a real existence, a personality which would make it plausible to them that he should be carrying documents containing such important information.

For, of course, unless we could convince the Germans that here, floating in the sea off Spain, was a real person who had been killed while going on a real mission, we could not expect them to take decisions which would affect the whole future of the war on the evidence of documents that might be a "plant."

One thing seemed to me to be crystal clear: the document carrying the deception must be on a really high level. No mere imitations from one brigadier or air commodore or rear-admiral to another would do.

I should explain that a "cover" target is a target you are NOT going to attack, which the enemy is led to think you are. AND, LUCKILY, to attack, and which you wish finally to believe you WILL attack.



This is the start
of the vital
letter from—



SIR ARCHIBALD
NYE to—



GENERAL
ALEXANDER

But before that
they had to
call in—



SIR BERNARD
SPILSBURY

The German General Staff would have to have before it a document (false, of course) from someone who must know what our real plans were, and who could not possibly be mistaken.

I had to have a document from someone whom the Germans knew, and knew to be right in the know.

So the proposal I put up was that General Sir Archibald Nye, Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff, should write a letter to General Alexander, then commanding 18th Army Group.

This should be an off-the-record explanation of why General Alexander was not getting quite what he wanted from the Chiefs of Staff—a letter giving the sort of information that could not be put in an official letter from the C.I.G.S. himself—but that would by inference carry the conclusion that the target we were "planting" as a cover was the real target.

I submitted a rough draft of the sort of letter I wanted and took care to "plant" two targets as being our possible objectives in the hope that the Germans would have given the Germans something to worry about even if they saw through our operation.

I inserted Sicily as being the "cover target" for the Western Mediterranean. The beauty of that to my mind was that if the Germans suspected our deception any real leakage about Sicily that reached them from then on would be regarded by them as being part of our deception.

Then the trouble started. As the document went up and down to the Chiefs of Staff and back again, so everyone among those to whom it was essential that it should be shown, and who felt himself to be an expert, able to understand the German mind, had bright ideas.

Too dangerous

IT was too dangerous, some said, to try for high stakes. The letter should therefore be a low level one, merely putting over a false date.

We would never get the Germans to swallow the story and we would be bound to pinpoint Sicily, said others. We must not mention Sardinia as the supposed target because, if the Germans saw through the story, that would pinpoint Sicily.

Perhaps the greatest achievement of the whole operation was that we managed eventually to persuade our masters that this was an opportunity which would reward us, so that if we were to achieve a real success we must aim high.

Fortunately, after a while, Sir Archibald Nye himself became really intrigued; he tried a letter based on my draft. It was wholly unconvincing. We pointed out to him that it was the sort of straightforward letter which could and would go in an official bag and therefore was not at all likely to be given to an officer to carry—in his pocket.

Challenge

THAT was a challenge to which Sir Archibald rose magnificently. He tried again and produced the following letter:

NOTE: It is important to understand the reading of the letter that "Husky"—the real code name for the invasion of Sicily—is used as the code name for the Italian Greek operation; while "Brinsione"—a fake code name—is used instead of "Husky" for Sicily.

MY Dear Alex,—

I am taking advantage of sending you a personal letter by hand of one of Mountbatten's officers, to give you the inside history of our recent exchange of cables about Mediterranean operations and their attendant cover plans. You may have felt our decisions were somewhat arbitrary, but I can assure you in fact that the C.O.S. (Chief of Staff) Division gave the most careful consideration both to your recommendation and also to Jumbo's [Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, C-in-C, Middle East].

We have had recent information that the Boche have been reinforcing and strengthening their defences in Greece and Crete and C.I.G.S. (Chief of Imperial General Staff) felt that our forces for the assault on the beach south of Cape Araxos and that a similar reinforcement should be made for the 5th Division at Kalamata. We are earmarking the necessary forces and shipping.

JUMBO WILSON had proposed to select Sicily as cover target for "Husky," but we have already chosen it as cover for operations "Brinsione."

The C.O.S. Committee went into the whole question exhaustively again and came to the conclusion that, in view of the preparations in Algeria, the amphibious training which will be taking place on the Tunisian coast and the heavy air bombardment which

will be put down to neutralise the Sicilian airfields, we should stick to our plan of making it cover for "Brinsione"—indeed we stand a very good chance of making him think we will go for Sicily—it is an obvious objective and one about which he must be nervous.

On the other hand, they felt there was not much hope of persuading the Boche that the extensive preparations in the Eastern Mediterranean were also directed at Sicily. For this reason they have told Wilson his cover plan should be something nearer the spot, e.g., the Dodecanese. Since our relations with Turkey are now so obviously closer the Italians must be pretty apprehensive about these islands.

I imagine you will agree with these arguments. I know you will have your hands more than full at the moment, and you haven't much chance of discussing future operations with Eisenhower. But if by any chance you do want to support Wilson's proposal I hope you will let us know soon, because we can't delay much longer.

I am very sorry we weren't able to meet your wishes about the new commander of the Guards Brigade. Your own nominee was down with a bad attack of flu, and not likely to be really fit for another few weeks. No doubt, however, you know Foster personally, he has done extremely well in command of a brigade at home, and is, I think, the best fellow available.

YOU must be about as fed up as we are—with the whole question of war medals and "Purple Hearts." We all agree with you that we don't want to offend our American friends, but there is a good deal more to it than that.

If our troops who happen to be serving in one particular theatre are to get extra decorations merely because the Americans happen to be serving there, too, we will be faced with a good deal of discontent among those troops fighting elsewhere perhaps just as bitterly—or more so.

Best of luck,

Yours ever,

MY own feeling is that we should thank the Americans for their kind offer but say firmly it would cause too many anomalies and we are sorry we can't accept. But it is on the agenda for the next Military Members meeting and I hope you will have a decision very soon.

Best of luck,

Yours ever,

Adrian by
'Off the record'

NOTHING could have been better. The letter carried out the scheme in a way that only someone himself fully in the picture of the personal relationships among high officers could have devised.

Quite by inference, and so accidentally as to prevent the Germans thinking it "plant," it made it clear that there would be an Eastern Mediterranean operation with a landing in Greece.

And it made it clear that we wanted the Germans to think that the Western Mediterranean landing would be in Sicily (so that that would not be the real target).

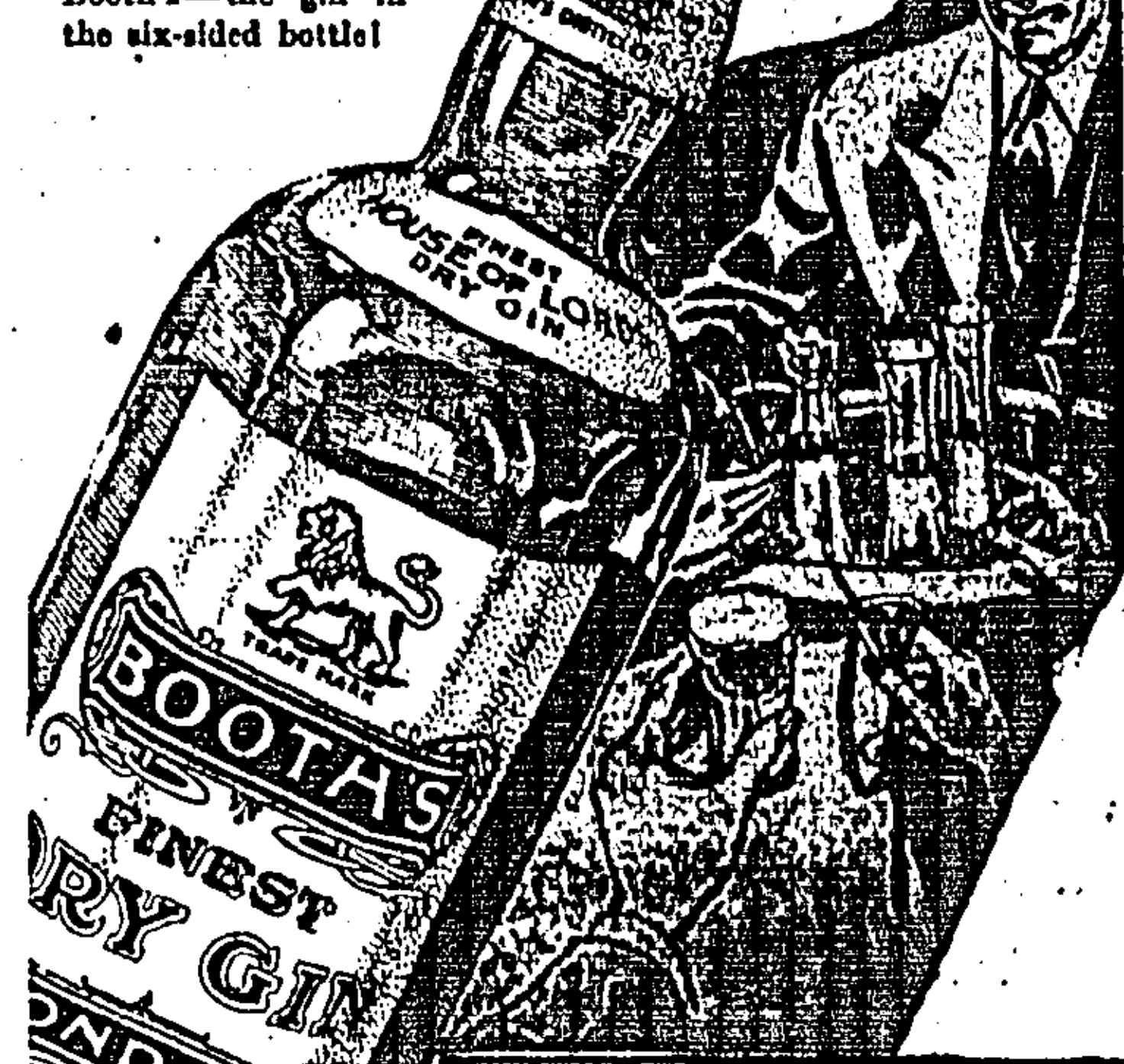
The letter did all this in an "off the record" atmosphere which, together with the very personal matters mentioned, made it natural that the letter should not travel through an official channel.

NEXT SATURDAY
How the "major" was prepared. Now we gave the man with no name, a name and a definite personality.



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A PLAQUE MARKS THE SPOT . . .

The playground fighter turned to poetry



What the plaque says.

London. In the neighbourhood of Moorgate they had a high opinion of the boy John Keats. He is described as a "lad of extraordinary mettle," "like a prize-fighter for his terrific courage," and known for his "high-mindedness, his utter unconsciousness of a mean motive, his pliability, his generosity."

Most of his time at school was spent in fighting. For four years he ruled the playground.

Then came a change, and for two years no one could tear him from his books. The death of his mother, a rheumatic sufferer, whom he had nursed with extreme devotion, caused his withdrawal from school, and his apprentice-



The plaque over the door shows where Keats lived.

ship to a surgeon. But his propensities for rhyming induced, it is said, by Spencer's Faery Queen, resulted in a quarrel with his master, and broken indentures.

Keats now lived alone, in various lodgings, while he continued surgical studies at St. Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals, which were then united for teaching purposes.

At the age of 23 Keats brought out a volume of poems that attracted little attention. Undismayed, he produced *Endymion*. This was bitterly attacked.

Deeply in love.

Keats was 25 when the consumption to which his family was addicted showed itself in him. His throat was never well, he was distractedly in love with Fanny Brawne without prospect; the critics had brought his name into contempt, and money troubles were pressing hard. He left for Italy in September 1820, and died at Rome on February 23, 1821, at the age of 26.

From December 1813 to 1820 Keats lived in Wentworth Place, Hampstead which in his day comprised two houses, the other being occupied by Charles Wentworth Dilke.

The building was opened in 1931 as Keats' House as a memorial to the poet. But as early as 1886 a plaque was affixed by the Royal Society of Arts.

HIS AIM: TO SHOCK

BAUDELAIRE. By P. Mansell Jones. Bowes and Bowes. 6s. 63 pages.

THE clean-shaven young man who looked like an intellectual priest was dressed in a workman's blouse which, however, had been made for him by an excellent tailor. He brandished a fine, double-barrelled gun just looted from a gunsmith's shop and kept shouting to the mob around him: "We must kill General Aupick."

He was rather drunk. The year was 1848, the scene Paris during the working-class revolt against the middle-class king, Louis Philippe. The young man with the gun was Charles Pierre Baudelaire, destined to be the greatest French poet of the 19th century. General Aupick was his stepfather.

When Baudelaire was born (1821) his father was a man of 62 who died a few years later. His mother, a pretty, very feminine, gushing religious young woman, recovered quickly from her grief to marry the dashing Aupick who had a brilliant career in diplomacy. Baudelaire, who loved his mother with abnormal passion, never forgave her this marriage. The supplanting Aupick he detested heartily. Soon he had reason for it.

After seeking a civil service post for his stepson, Aupick did not hide his contempt when

HOW LUCKY THAT M. BAUDELAIRE MISSED THE CIVIL SERVICE

the youth insisted on becoming a writer.

When he came into his patrimony at 21, Baudelaire spent half of it in a year. Aupick then summoned a family council and had the money put on trust. A lawyer named Ancelle was appointed guardian, empowered to dole out money so much a month.

Baudelaire stormed out of the council, swearing that he would kill himself.

His main anxiety, however, was to avenge himself on his stepfather by winning fame and fortune with his pen.

Working with him a notorious prostitute, whom he introduced as his wife. When one of his hosts expostulated, Baudelaire replied, "Sir, the mistress of a poet may be as good as the wife of a notary." He did not get the job.

He expected—for he had no sense of realities—that his volume of poems, *The Flowers of Evil*, would have an immense success.

The poems, of an intense and somber power, were calculated to shock—and to last.

The author was prosecuted for "deliberate exaltation of

Academy and courted the powerful critic, Sainte-Beuve, with presents of English gingerbread to which the great man was partial. Baudelaire did not get a vote.

He died, aged 46, in a private asylum in Paris; for a year, he had been unable to speak. The wage of sin were paid in full. His fame still lurked in the future.

Baudelaire wrote French—but not for young people—with a majesty that few have matched. He was a psychologist of sin, whose love affairs were few and sordid; a lay theologian who believed with absolute conviction only in the devil.

He had three hatreds—free-thinkers, railways and democracy—he could not bear to be ruled by a hundred million kings.

Mansell Jones, indicating the outlines of his life, provides in this short essay (printed in rather small type) a perceptive guide to the meaning and quality of this extraordinary man.

LIBRARY LIST

THE ISLAND. By Jean MacArdal. Collins, 10s. 6d. 255 pages. Well-shaped, easily written novel about two men named MacArdal. One lives in Scotland, the other in New York. They decide to change lives. The Island tells what happened to the American MacArdal in his Hebridean island.

With their apparent blasphemous and their perversities, their obsession with sex and their longing of sex, the poems preach in despair a sermon on the text: "The wages of sin is death, or at least ennui."

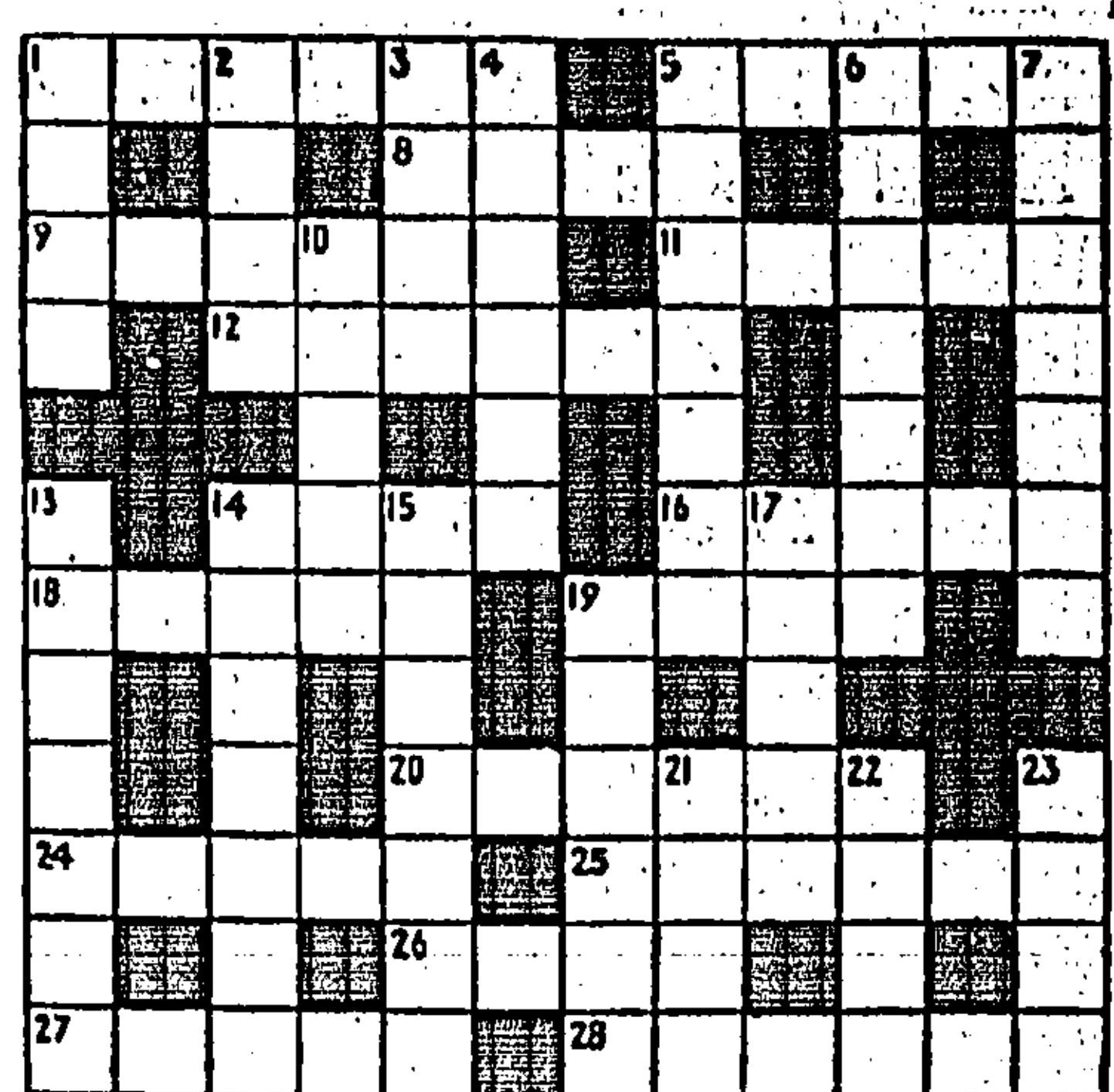
As Baudelaire's friendliest reviewer said, "Only two decisions are open to this poet, to become a Christian or to blow out his brains."

Forming a passionate admiration for Edgar Allan Poe, Baudelaire spent years of his life in translating Poe. He wrote a book on drug-taking called *Artificial Paradises*, and was furious when his publisher proposed to insert an advertisement for a pharmacy.

Fleeing from creditors, he went to Belgium on a lecture tour; it was a humiliating failure. The Belgians, who had heard lurid tales of his scandalous author were bewildered by his sober and spotless elegance.

He insisted on becoming a candidate for the French

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Preparation for the hair (6).
- 5 Accumulate (5).
- 8 Parched (4).
- 9 Chinese labourer (6).
- 11 Join (3).
- 12 Litigant (6).
- 14 Disorder (4).
- 16 Teacher (5).
- 18 Worship (5).
- 19 Name (4).
- 20 Redden (6).
- 24 Follow (5).
- 25 Kindly (6).
- 26 Rank (4).
- 27 Saviour (5).
- 28 Soften (6).

DOWN

- 1 Choose (4).
- 2 Tie up (4).
- 3 Platform (4).
- 4 Bulldoze (6).
- 5 Flatter (7).
- 6 Disturb (7).
- 7 Landscape (7).
- 10 Subsequently (5).
- 12 Impetuous divergence (7).
- 13 Interfere with (7).
- 15 Hide (7).
- 17 Coalition (5).
- 19 Keeper of a royal park (6).
- 21 Withered (4).
- 22 Distance (4).
- 23 Conspiracy (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1 Furrow, 4 Score, 7 Master, 8 Smash, 10 Lair, 12 Recover, 15 Rabid, 16 Scare, 17 Ape, 19 Delet, 20 Reckless, 21 Stop, 23 Spats, 24 Toucan, 25 Crust, 26 Shells. Down: 1 Familiar, 2 Respires, 3 Open, 5 Composes, 6 Rusher, 9 Ceded, 11 Radiates, 12 Rider, 13 Vertical, 14 Responds, 16 Peep, 22 Both.

TAKE A WORD

TO INCREASE YOUR OWN VOCABULARY



AGONIST

YES, each girl swimmer in this picture is an AGONIST—and so is anyone who competes in a sport before an audience. For that is what this rarely used word means. Shorter than "participant," more sweeping than "athlete," covering both amateur and professional—the word has every advantage except that it suggests "agony." Indeed, both come from the Greek word for a contest. The girls here are Olympic swimmers.

★

With Mme Sabatier, the plump, blond mistress of a banker, the poet had a love affair of a different kind. For five years he sent her poems anonymously.

When at last she responded to this curious courtship, Baudelaire began to beat a retreat. "A few days ago," he told her, "you were a divinity; now you are a woman."

The affair remained platonic, in the end, was humiliating for both parties. Mme Sabatier kept a sketch of the creole Jeanne Duval; on it she had written, "his ideal."

Baudelaire's hopes of making money were as unlucky as his amour. His ideas about promoting his cause were peculiar. Offered a post as editor on a provincial newspaper, he went to dine with the directors,

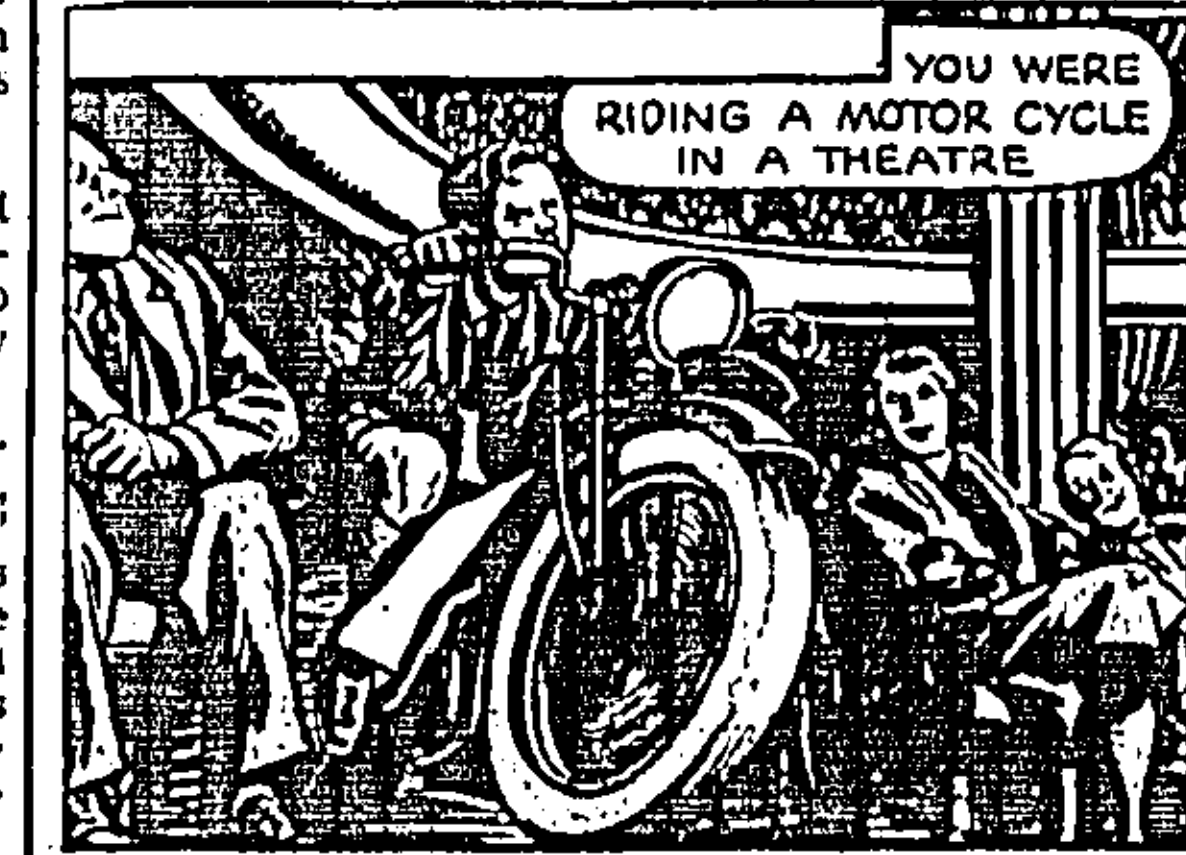
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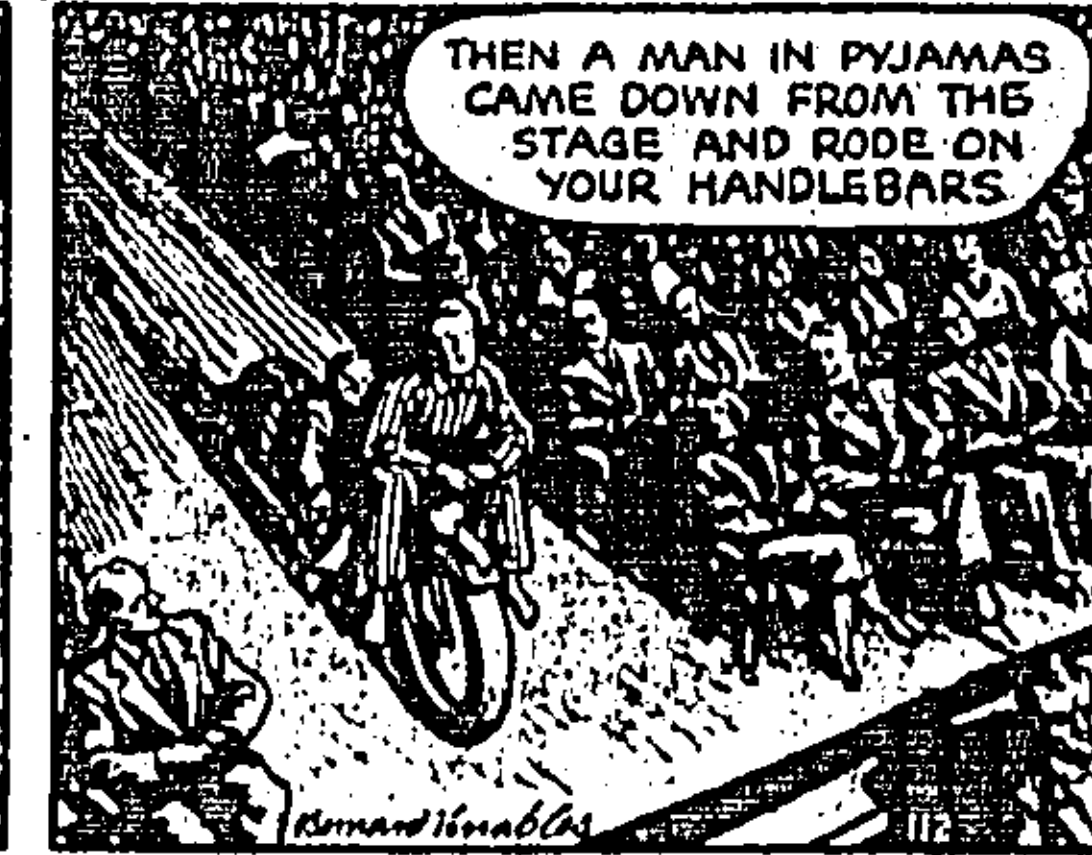
He insisted on becoming a candidate for the French



THIS DREAM MEANS:

Motorcycling is a fast and noisy mode of solo travelling. Riding a motorcycle before an audience symbolises the desire to live your own life in a showy, ostentatious, fast-moving way.

The man in pyjamas is the exhibitionist part of your own personality. Casting off clothes—or being under-dressed for the occa-

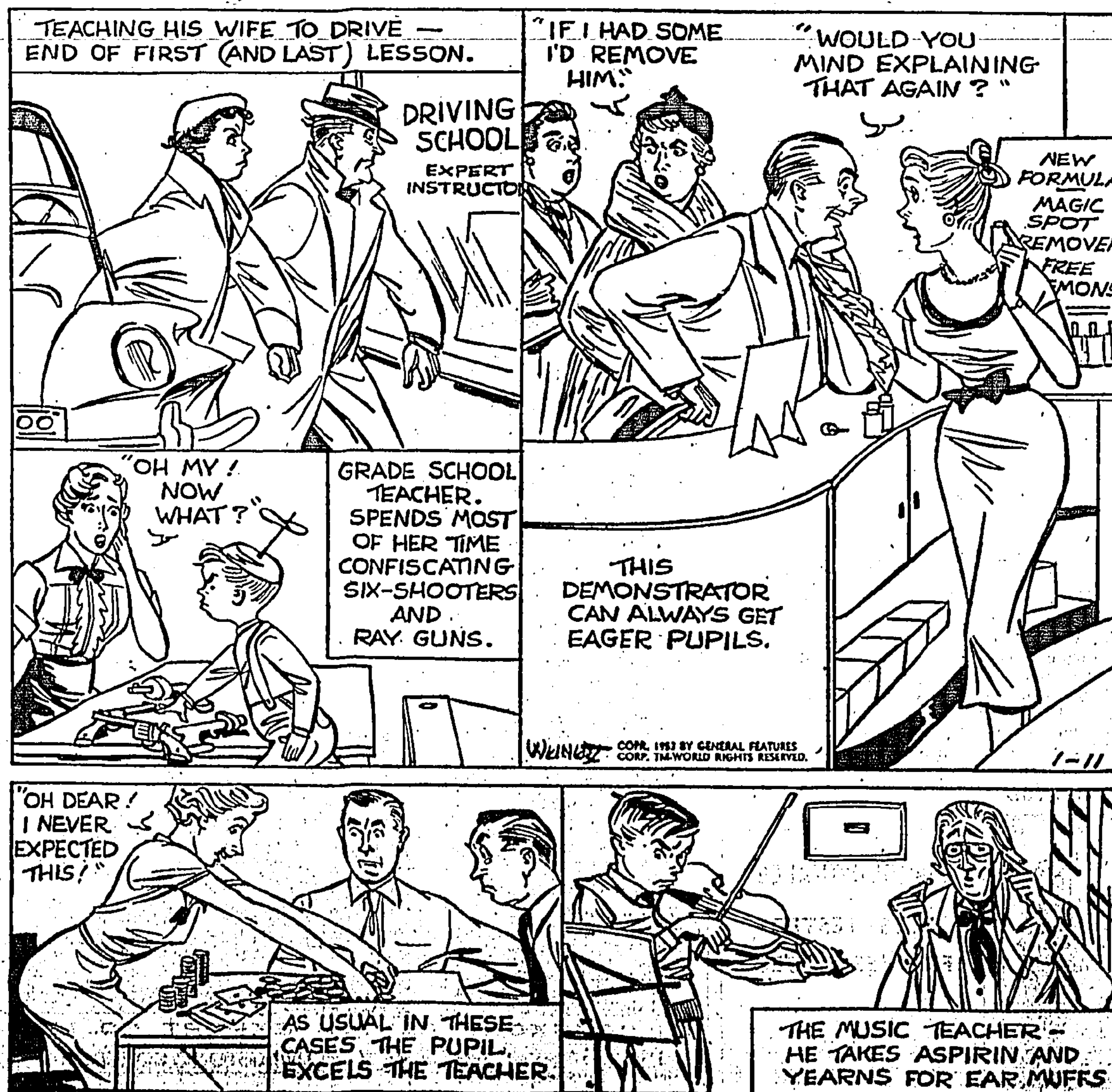


sion—symbolises an exhibitionist's desire for self-display. This part of your personality rides your handlebars, i.e., guides your motives and direction. "Personality" boys—more interested in what they seem than what they are—can be very amusing, even convincing, for a short time. But any quick fire of those who crave attention but rarely give it, are simply and plainly. Is it time you piped down?

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Teaching Turmoil

BY HARRY WEINERT



SNAPSHOT GUILD

Whether you go away or stay close to your own yard, these summer week-ends, you'll find that there's no time like the present for making pictures to treasure for years to come.

Snapshots of a trip are always fun... that's an accepted fact. But so are snapshots of the family and friends right around the house. Almost any week-end you can make a series of fine shots of the family in the garden or gathered around an outdoor table for a backyard picnic.

But whether you're using your camera at home or on a trip, you'll find it's a good idea to follow three simple rules which a photographer mentioned to me several weeks ago. Day after day he gets dozens and dozens of snapshots which come in to his office for developing and printing. And these rules are the ones he feels should be the most helpful to snapshotters.

One—hold steady! Moving your camera when you shoot will mean a fuzzy, unsharp negative. So avoid camera movement by holding your camera firmly against your chest or chest and tripping the shutter with a firm and steady motion—never a jerk.

Two—check your focus and your exposure. If you've a fixed-focus camera, of course, focus and exposure are fixed for you. But you still will want to be careful not to get too close to your subjects—no closer than five or six feet. And with focusing cameras you'll want to check to be sure that the camera is set for the proper distance and not for 25 feet when the subject is only 10 feet away.

Three—look carefully in your camera's viewfinder before you shoot. My photographer friend maintains that too many pictures are marred by a jumbled, confusing background which detracts from a pretty subject. Or by a bright light on a telephone pole which seems to grow from some part of the body. These things are easily avoided by studying each picture for a moment before you shoot to make sure that your background is simple and plain.

So, on your week-end picture-taking, live these rules a try. If you're an expert, chances are you follow them unconsciously. And you're not, you may find they'll help in starting you on your way to pictures which an expert might be proud of.

John van Gilder

Week-end Softball SENIOR "B" DIVISION TITLE AT STAKE AS REXES CLASH WITH AMERICANS

By "KEYSTONE"

The coveted Senior "B" Division Pennant will be at stake when the leading Americans clash with their closest contenders the Rexes this afternoon.

Two other games are on tap in this Division, with the tail-end Pandas "B" matched against the third-place Blackhaws, while the Red Sox slug it out with the irrepressible Wildfires.

With the Junior Division Trophy already won by Fred Diesta's "Black Magic" Dodgers, Minor League activities close this week-end with three tilts, the outstanding match being the Pandas-Grimms struggle for the vacant second slot.

The scheduled 35 Bantams outfit, which pulled off a sensational upset over the much-improved Chinese Athletics some weeks back, are slated for a double-header against the Grimms and the Comets. The ever-game artillerymen will let off all guns in an attempt to break into the win column once more before the season ends.

Going into their last League game with a slim half-game margin over their closest rivals of the Rexes camp, the hard-hitting Americans will throw everything into their bid for this season's Senior "B" crown.

Though sadly depleted by numerous player losses, the American squad still possesses a formidable array of distance-batters to complement a well-seasoned defensive infield, sparked by the inner-ring quartet of first baseman "Big Jay" Heldeman, shortstop Mort Anzist, third-sacker John Carvalho and gobby catcher George Varros.

DIGGEST PROBLEM

Biggest problem to cope with is the pitching assignment. The much-bemoaned loss of hard-hitting pitcher Harry Cunningham created a gaping hole in both the attack and the defence. Former centre-fielder Jack Bordwell was lured on to the mound by some persuasive coaxing from mentor Bob Suzman. But hardly had Bordwell settled down to regular mound-duty when he, too, made a quick farewell to the local diamond by leaving the Colony. Mystery shrouds the identity of the would-be occupant of this "jinx" spot for this week's crucial match against the Rexes.

After two fruitless first round draws, Coach Suzman and team-skipper Anzist masterminded the Americans to an unexpected

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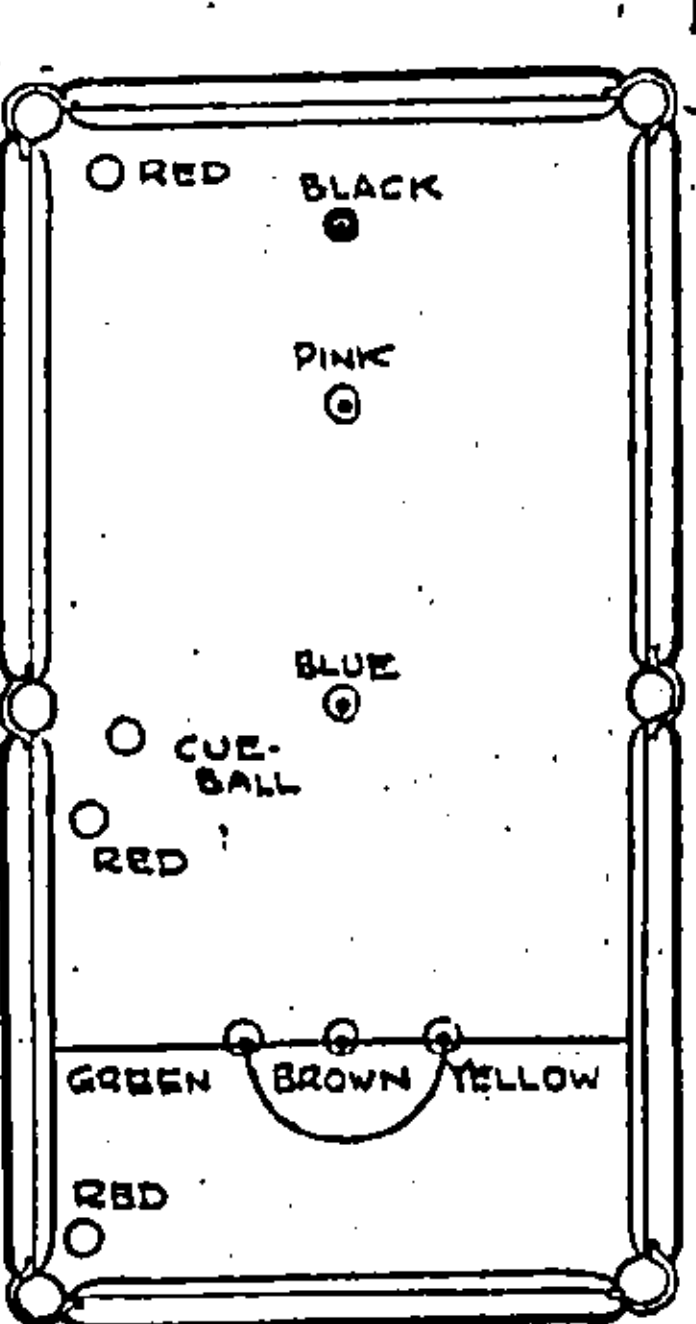
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You To Play Until Next Week



This diagram illustrates a position which faced me one evening during a club Exhibition. The table was cleared. What would you do? (Next week Horace Lindrum will demonstrate what he would do).

SNOOKER

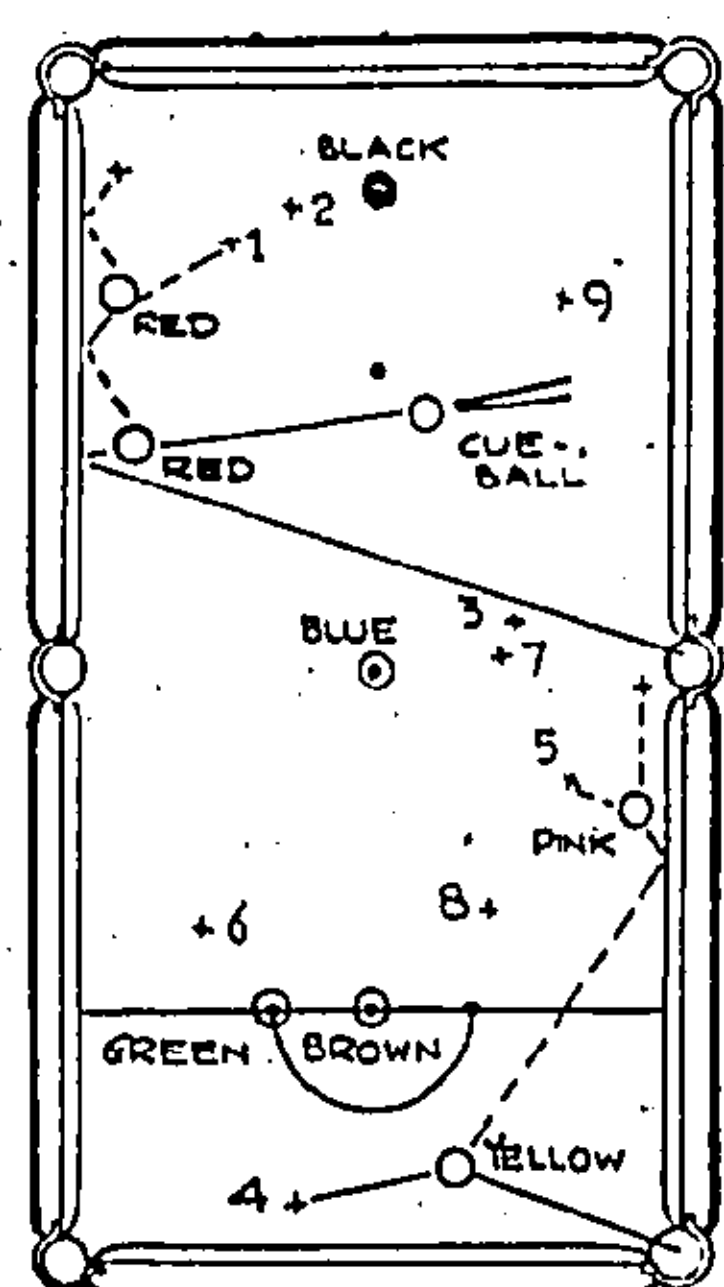
By Horace Lindrum

(World Professional Snooker Champion)

A first-class amateur would jump at the chance of having the position I left you with last week for taking all the balls. But to the amateur who is endeavouring to improve his game, I advise him to follow closely how I would approach the situation.

The first stroke is to double the red off the top left-hand side cushion into the right-hand middle pocket; this must be played by striking the cue-ball low and using a little right-hand side so that it screws on to the second red and knocks it over the top left-hand corner pocket. The cue-ball should then finish in a perfect position for the black at X1.

Now pot the black into the right-hand corner pocket striking the white-ball low to screw it into position marked X2. Now, addressing the cue-ball on



its extreme left (running-side), you should next play the red into the top left-hand corner pocket; the white-ball will contact the top left-hand side cushion, accelerate across the table striking the top right-hand side cushion to finish in position for the blue, X3.

The reason why I wanted this position for the blue is quite simple. Potting the blue into the middle left-hand pocket allows the white-ball to angle into position for the yellow, X4. To get the cue-ball exactly into this position is important: potting the yellow into the bottom right-hand corner pocket would be easy enough from many positions after playing the blue, but from this angle you are able to screw the cue-ball on to the bottom right-hand side cushion and thus knock the pink ball over the middle right-hand pocket. At the same time the cue-ball will come off from the pink far enough to get in a favourable position for the green, X5.

Strike the cue-ball low and the green will then be potted into the bottom left-hand corner pocket, the cue-ball screwing back slightly in position for the brown, X6.

Once again the white ball is played very low, the potting of the brown into the bottom right-hand corner pocket. The cue-ball will screw off the brown to gain position for the blue, X7.

After the blue is potted into the middle left-hand pocket, the screw shot is again employed to bring the cue-ball into correct angle position on the pink, X8.

From this angle the pink is now potted into the middle right-hand pocket; with plenty of left-hand side; both the side and the nap of the cloth are used to bring the cue-ball away from the side cushion and to ensure a better control from the open bed of the table for the potting of the black into the top left-hand corner pocket from X9.

During my recent tour of India I was delighted to find that many Snooker Schools had been formed and for the purpose of guidance in cue-ball control—some of my articles had been cut out and pasted into books.

The Indians practise with great determination. I found them eager to learn all they could about the game, and I feel certain that before very long a World Championship will hail from that country.

SPORTS SURVEY

John Helped Joe To That 500th Century Break

By ALL-ROUNDER

Snooker maestro Joe Davis's 500th century break at snooker would have been much longer delayed had it not been for the able administrative ability of 73-year-old John Bisset, the Scottish Markinch-born chairman since 1925 of the Billiards Association and Control Council, who died shortly before Joe attained his new record.

It was mostly John Bisset's doing that ivory balls gave way to the composite article used today.

The ivories varied in performance in different temperatures and conditions, and a true angle could never be guaranteed from one hour to the next, a great trial on one's attempts at accuracy.

The composite ball brought the big breaks in billiards, first in one-thousands, followed by the ultimate of Walter Lindrum's record of 4,137 under revised rules. Unfortunately, these big breaks were so frequent that billiards became monotonous to watch, despite rules revisions, and pretty well killed billiards among professionals as a paying spectacle.

It did, however, encourage the development of snooker pool, which has now replaced billiards in general public popularity, and is the regular exhibition medium among the pros. Joe developed it and is still snooker's supreme exponent at the age of 52—he's rather good at billiards, too! John Bisset, however, had a part in developing the billiard table games in all their phases.

An able administrator and "strong man" of the sport, he was never swayed by the interests of his personalities by all of whom he was much beloved.

THE C.T.C. IS 75

Special events during the summer are being held at Harrogate, its birthplace, in celebration of the 75th anniversary of the founding of the Cyclists' Touring Club of Great Britain in the days of the penny-farthing bike.

It was in 1878 that S. H. Ineson, secretary of the Bradford Cycling Club, had some discussion about the foundation of a national touring club with Stanley Cotterell, a young Edinburgh University student. Both cycled down to their "high bicycles" to Harrogate to put their views before an August rally of cyclists there.

The scheme was adopted and the Bicycle Touring Club, now known as the C.T.C., was founded, with Ineson as treasurer.

Eventually it became the largest cycling touring organisation in the world. Their example was quickly followed by the Touring Club de France (1890), Touring Club de Belgique (1895), Touring Club Suisse (1895) and Touring Club Italiano (1894).

Up in the North-west they are preparing for the opening by the Duke of Edinburgh on March 31 of the new Merseyside

Better View Of The National For 50,000 More

LONDON. Ambition of Alhambra boss Mrs Mirabel Topham to let more people see more of the Grand National will be realised on Saturday, March 28. All is now set for an extra 50,000 spectators to get a better view of the world's greatest chase.

The new "natural" grandstand, built by the dumping of tons of earth, stretches from before the first fence to near Becher's Brook.

Also more of the six figure crowd will be under cover now that the Prospect stand has been roofed and merged with the Alhambra stand enclosure. A new uncovered stand has been erected in the West enclosure.

Mrs Topham said there is no chance of the as yet unopened Midway course being used for a race in March because this year the meeting is a three-day fixture instead of four as in 1952, and the established N.H. events have to be fitted in.

(London Express Service)

WEEK-END SOCCER

TODAY

First Division

St. Joseph's v Club (Sookumpoo, 4.10 p.m.)
Kitchee v Sing Tao (Navy, 4.30 p.m.)

2nd Division "A"

St. Joseph's v Club Sookumpoo, 2.45 p.m.)
Kitchee v Solicitors (Navy, 3 p.m.)

2nd Division "B"

(Happy Valley, 4.30 p.m.)
Yard Police v Frison.
CMB v Western.
RAMC v Jaguars.
REME v Little Sal Wan.
Gymnastic v PCA.

3rd Division

(Happy Valley, 3 p.m.)
Rediffusion v CAT.
University v Aces.
S & S Tamar v Dairy Farm.
HIL v AFS.
Lane Crawford v C & W.

TOMORROW

1st Division

Kwong Wah v Police (Sookumpoo, 4.30 p.m.)
Navy v KMB (Navy, 4.30 p.m.)
RAF v Eastern (Club, 4.30 p.m.)

2nd Division "A"

Talkoo v Police (Sookumpoo, 3 p.m.)
Tramways v KMB (Navy, 3 p.m.)
South China v CAA (Club, 3 p.m.)
RAF v Eastern (Boundary St, 3 p.m.)
Byes: Army, Dockyard & Kowloon Godown.

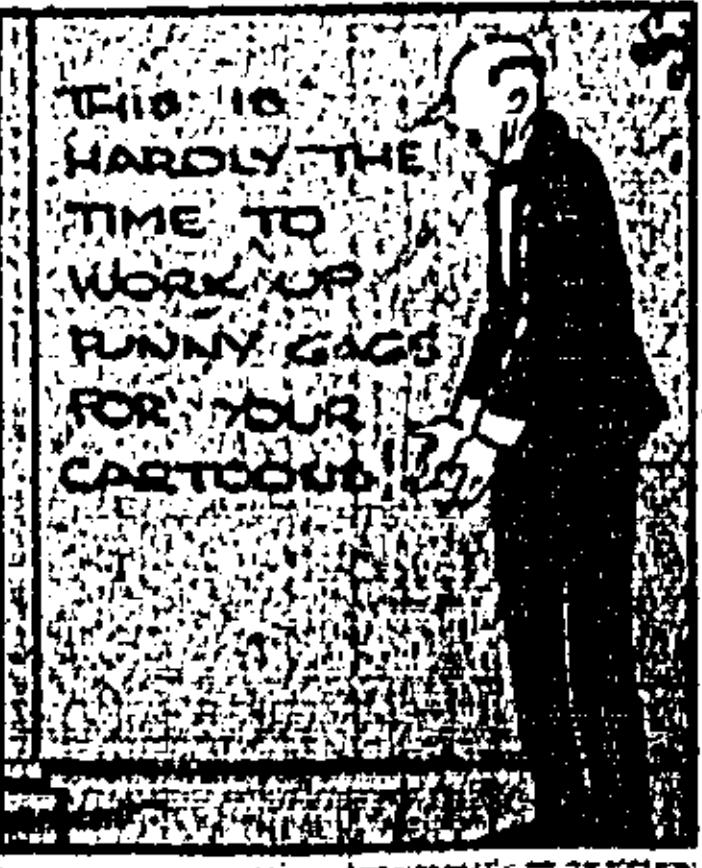
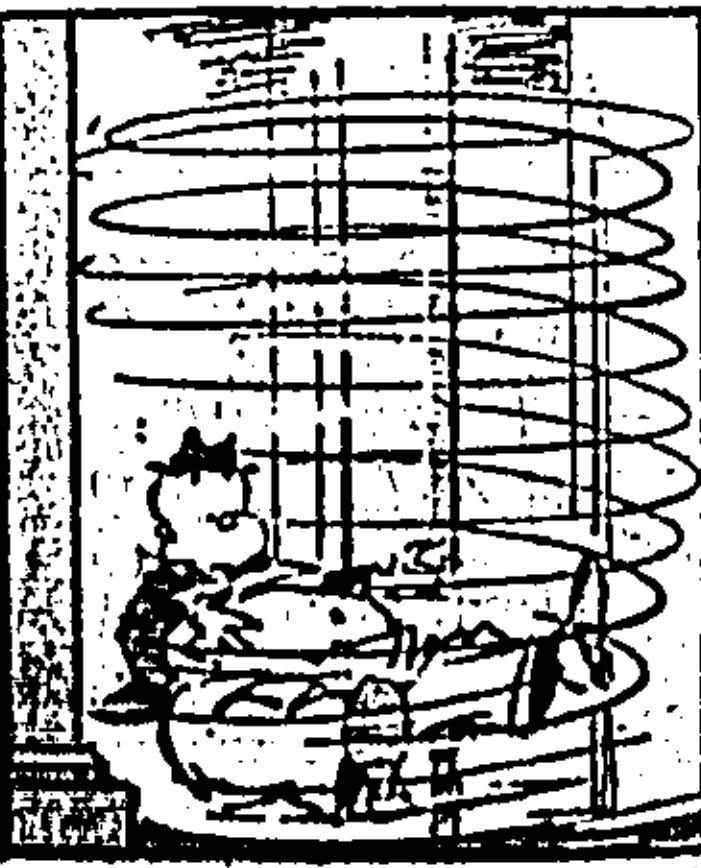
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"SZECHUEN"	Hongkong	10 a.m. 23rd Mar.	
"PAKHUI"	Sundakan	10 a.m. 24th Mar.	
"SHENGKING"	Keelung	5 p.m. 25th Mar.	
"FUNGING"	Djakarta, Semarang, Sourabaya & Macassar	8 a.m. 26th Mar.	
"HANYANG"	Yokohama, Nagoya, Osaka & Kobe	10 a.m. 31st Mar.	
"FOYANG"	Singapore, Penang & Belawan	10 a.m. 1st Apr.	
Sails from Custodian Wharf			
ARRIVALS FROM			
"HUPEI"	Tientsin	15th Mar.	
"SHENGKING"	Keelung	7 a.m. 18th Mar.	
"SZECHUEN"	Kobe	21st Mar.	
"PAKHUI"	Yokohama	23rd Mar.	
"FUNGING"	Sibe	23rd Mar.	
"FOYANG"	Singapore	24th Mar.	
"HANYANG"	Yokohama	27th Mar.	

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"TAIPING"	Yokohama	23rd Mar.	

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"ANTIOCHUS"	Genoa, London, Rotterdam & Hamburg	27th Mar.	
"PATROCLUS"	Marseilles, Liverpool & Glasgow	30th Apr.	
"AUTOLYCUS"	Liverpool & Glasgow	14th Apr.	
"LAOMEDON"	Dublin & Liverpool	24th Apr.	
Scheduled Sailings from Europe			
G. "PATROCLUS"	Liverpool	Sailed	17th Mar.
G. "AUTOLYCUS"	do	do	23rd Mar.
G. "LAOMEDON"	do	do	31st Mar.
G. "ANCHISES"	do	do	9th Apr.
G. "PERSEUS"	do	do	14th Apr.
G. "ASTYANAX"	18th Mar.	do	23rd Apr.
G. "AENEAS"	24th Mar.	do	29th Apr.
G. "ASCANIUS"	3rd Apr.	do	8th May

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"BENLAVERS"	U.K.	on or abt. 3rd Apr.
"BENLEUCH"	Japan	3rd Apr.
"BENAVON"	U.K. via Singapore	10th Apr.
"BENARTY"	U.K. via Singapore	15th Apr.
"BENMACDHUI"	Japan	20th Apr.

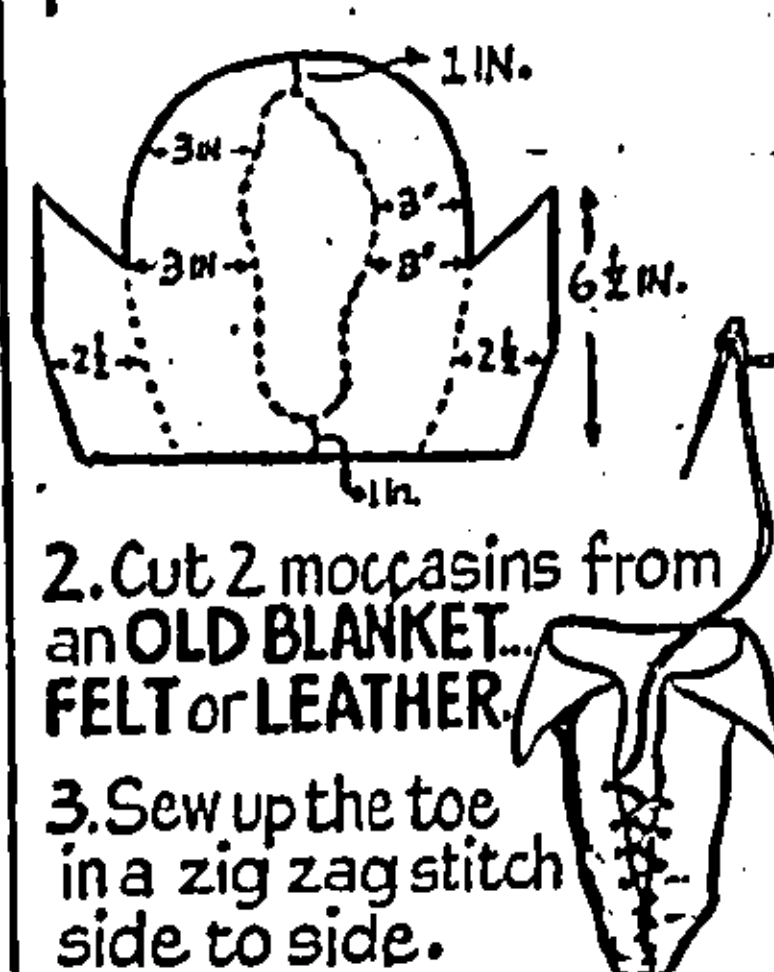
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"BENALDER"	Direct to Singapore, thence Genoa, Liverpool, Glasgow, Rotterdam and Hull.	19th Mar.
"BENVANNOC"	to Hull	21st Mar.
"BENLEUCH"	Direct to Singapore, thence Genoa, Liverpool, Antwerp and Hamburg.	4th Apr.
"BENLAVERS"	Direct to Singapore, thence Havre, London and Rotterdam.	7th Apr.
"BENARTY"	Genoa, Liverpool, Glasgow and Rotterdam.	10th Apr.
"BENMACDHUI"	Direct to Singapore, thence Liverpool, Dublin, Antwerp and Hamburg.	21st Apr.

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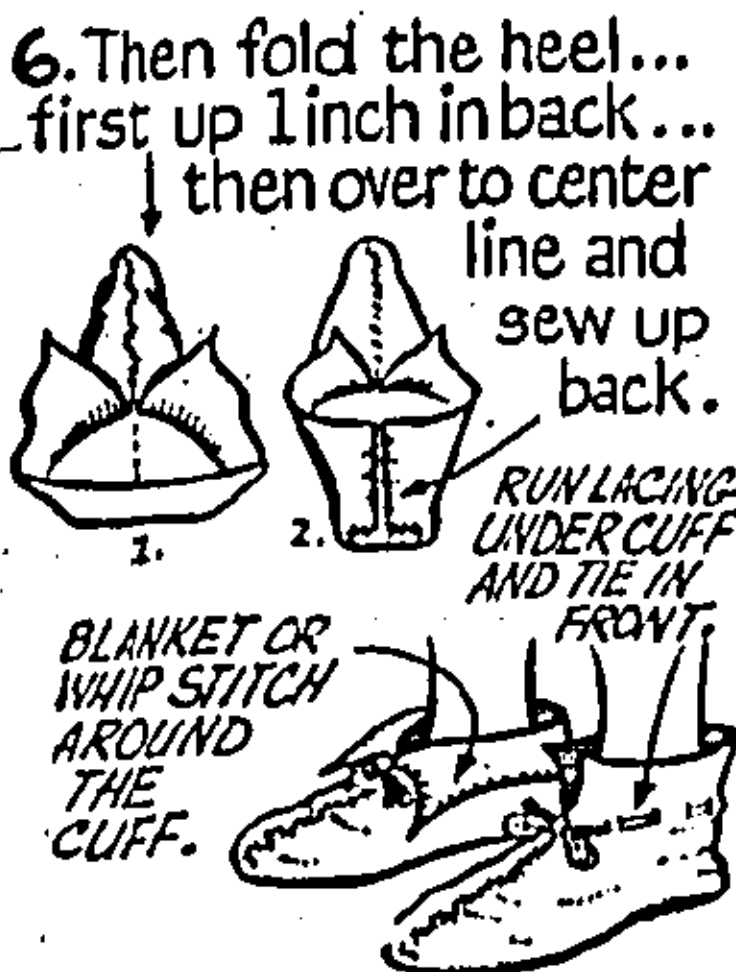
the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

BLANKET MOCCASINS

1. Trace around your foot onto a piece of WRAPPING PAPER and cut out a pattern like this...



5. Mark heel in center with a PENCIL.



Could Clouds Stop a Clock?

—Mr. Punch Says They Did, So He Chased Them Cut!

By MAX TRELL

"It isn't very often," Mr. Punch was saying to Knarf and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, "that I go out in the middle of the night. I usually spend that part of the night sleeping, which is what most folks do. But last night was different."

Knarf and Hanid wanted to know what had happened to make Mr. Punch get up in the middle of the night and go out. He didn't hear a sound. "Well," said Mr. Punch, after he had lit his pipe and settled down comfortably in his chair, "I was fast asleep when I suddenly opened my eyes and sat up. I listened. I didn't hear a sound. But I knew that was wrong. I should have heard a sound. I should have heard the chiming of the clock in the old steple."

"I instantly got up and went to the window. I looked out. Then I knew I was right. The clock in the steple had stopped—and it was the first time a thing like that had ever happened, at least as far as anyone could remember. In the stillness of the middle of the night, when even the whisper of the leaves can be heard, I couldn't hear the tick-tock of that old clock. Yes, it had stopped."

"So I hurried out of the house and ran all the way across the bridge and through the streets of the town until I reached the street. Then I went inside, and climbed up the winding stairs—up and up and up—until finally, I reached the place at the very top where the old clock stood. "Sure enough," continued Mr. Punch, "it was quite still. Both its hands had dropped down in front of its faces as though it were exhausted of having stopped and didn't want anyone to see it. The sky was just overhead, and there were the clouds passing by slowly; and the moon kept peck-



Mr. Punch ran across the bridge toward the clock steple.

ing down every now and then in surprise. "I started looking around to try to find out what had made the old clock stop. All at once, I noticed that a very small door at the bottom of the clock was open a crack. I'd better go inside and look around," I said to myself. So I crept inside.

"And when I got inside, I found a strange thing. The whole inside of the clock was full of clouds. It was so thick and misty that the wheels couldn't see where they were turning, and the springs couldn't see where they were springing, and the clock couldn't tell what time it was telling—so everything stopped. And all because some of the clouds that went passing by in the sky came in through the little open door and couldn't find their way out again."

"So," said Mr. Punch, "I pushed the door open as wide as I could, and waved my arms and shouted all the clouds out again, back into the sky where they belonged. "The minute the air was clear again, the wheels saw where they were turning, and the springs saw where they were springing, and the clock could tell what time it was telling so it started going again. Then I shut the little door tightly and said good night to the clock and climbed all the way down the winding stairs, down and down and down, until I reached the street."

"And then I ran all the way home again."

"This morning, everyone who looked up at the old clock in the steple said that it had lost a minute or two. But no one seemed to mind. Everyone said it had a right, after a minute or two if years, to lose a minute or two if it wanted. For what is a minute or two to an old clock who has ticked off the minutes for years and years and years and will keep on ticking them off for years and years and years to come."

"But could clouds really stop a clock?" Knarf asked when Mr. Punch had finished. Mr. Punch didn't answer. He only smiled and puffed at his pipe.



great mountains which tower up to the Swiss border close to the mighty Matterhorn. They wear white camouflage uniforms as they skim the snow at 30 miles an hour armed with carbines or light machineguns. When not practising an assault, they train in bridging, chains and, for cravens and passing light artillery across on ropes. Off the slopes, the "Snow Devils" badge of honour is their Robin Hood hat and feather, worn with green uniform—the trousers tucked in at the knees. The stamp is a map valued 23 Lire; price in London 6d; perforation 14. J.A.A.

Want to Perform Magic? Use These Secret Tricks

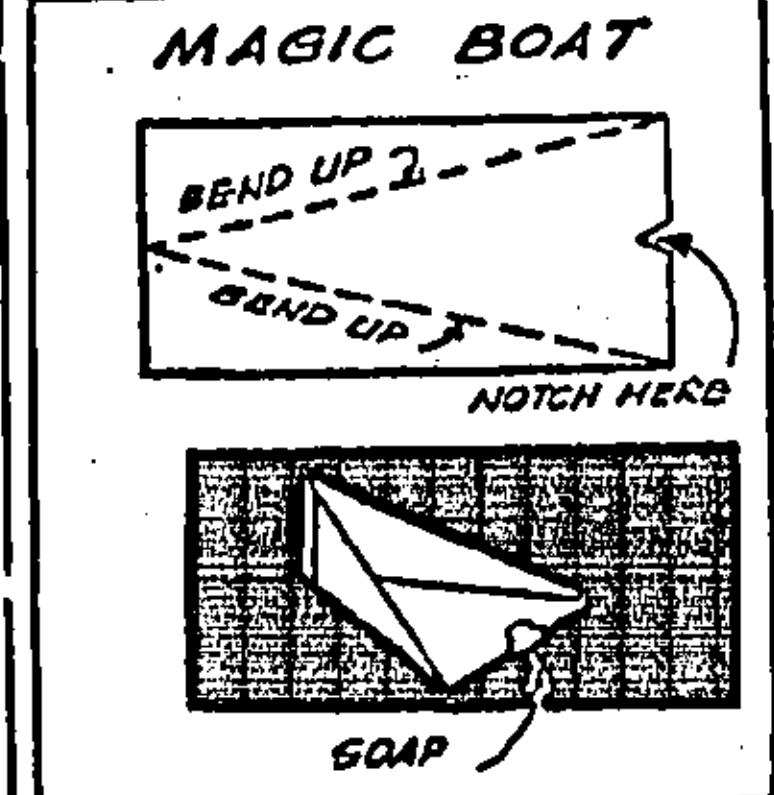
HERE are some magician's secrets that will help you put on a magic show for your friends. Don't give away the secrets. The mysterious air in which a magician works is part of the fun.

MAGIC BOATS

Preparation: Make some little boats from the sides of a butter carton. This is how to do it. Mark the centre of one side piece and draw lines from it to each corner at the opposite end. Bend on these lines and tape matches do not have saliva on or staple the nose of the boat.

Make a little notch in the back of the boat and tuck a small piece of soap in it.

The act: Float the boats in a large tub of water or in the bathtub. The soap will act as a little motor. Scientists explain this action by saying that the soap breaks the surface tension of the water. You can pretend it is magic.



STRING MAGIC

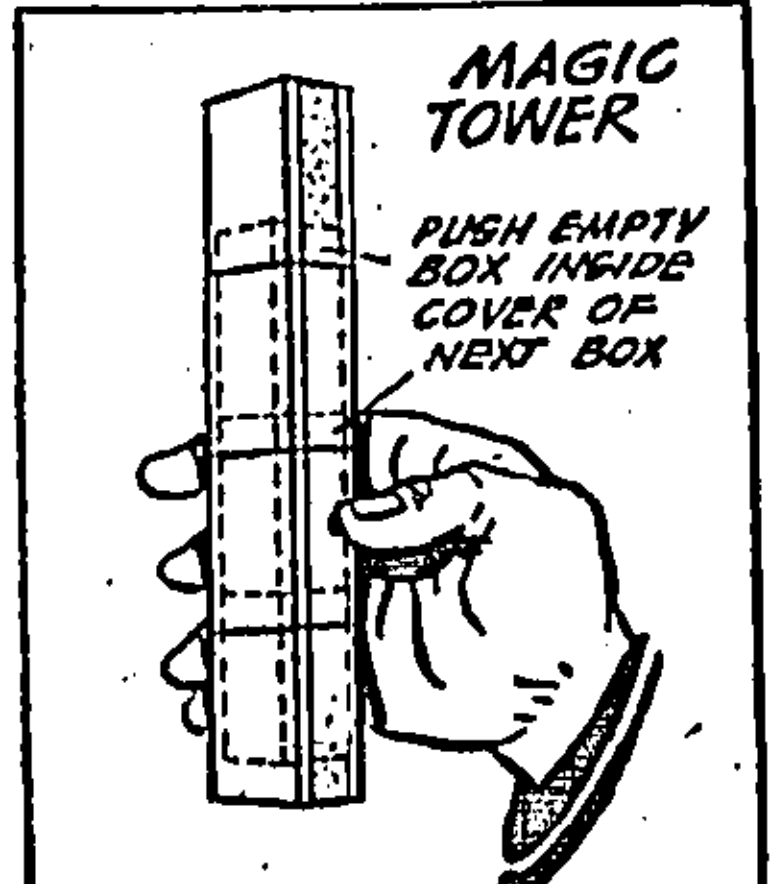
Preparation: Soak a piece of sewing thread in water that is made by using 50 percent salt. Let the thread dry.

The magic act: Hang the thread by tying one end to anything that will give the thread room to swing freely. Tie a ring to the bottom of the thread.

THE MAGIC MATCH

Preparation: The only materials needed for this trick are saliva and a wooden match. Wet the bottom of the match with saliva just before the act. The act: Press the match on the table firmly and it will stand alone. Let your friends try to do this trick. If the matches do not have saliva on them the match will topple over.

MAGIC TOWER



Preparation: The tower must be built before you show. Using empty boxes, push the inside of one box about one-quarter inch inside the outer cover of the next one. This will not show. (Note illustration.) The act: Show a magic tower of perfectly balanced match boxes.

Word Games

BY MARION STEVENS AND RITA DEWEY

HOW MANY?

Many nursery rhymes contain numbers. Give the numbers for the clues below. Try to get at least 15 correct answers. More if you can.

1. Old King Cole called how many fiddlers?
2. How many blackbirds were baked in a pie?
3. Pans porridge in the pot was—days old.
4. Baa Baa Black Sheep had—bags full of wool.
5. How many wise men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl?
6. The King of France went up the hill with how many men?
7. The farmer's wife cut off the tails of how many blind mice with a carving knife?
8. As I was going to St. Ives I met a man with—wives.
9. How many little kittens lost their mittens?
10. The—o'clock scholar used to come at—o'clock but now he comes at—.
11. Rub-a-dub-dub how many men in a tub?
12. When the mouse ran up the clock, the clock struck what?
13. Good King Arthur stole how many pecks of barley meal to make a bag-pudding?
14. A diller, a dollar, a—o'clock scholar.
15. How many bones did Mother Hubbard find in her cupboard?
16. How many children took a pill up the hill?
17. How many days has baby to play?
18. Wee Willie Winkle asked, "Are the children in their bed? For now 'tis—o'clock."
19. How many white horses on a red hill?
20. An old woman was tossed up in a basket how many times as high as the moon.
21. How many spiders sat beside Miss Muffet?
22. How many bates in the woods were there?
23. How many pennies did Simple Simon have?
24. John Brown had—little Indian boys.

(Solution on Page 16)

Rupert and the Hazel Nut—27



Rupert and his friends were playing with a large nut. Rupert said, "I'm going to take home a big one for you to take home." And he gave each of them a large nut.

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"CANTON"	30th April	1st June	
Via Southampton, Port Said, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Penang & Singapore			
Homewards	Leaves Hongkong	Due London	
"CARTHAGE"	5th April	6th May	
"CORFU"	8th May	8th June	
"CANTON"	5th June	6th July	

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FREIGHT SERVICE			
Outwards from UK	Due	For	
"SOUDAN"	19th March	Japan	
"SINGAPORE"	22nd March	Japan	
Homewards	Sails	For	
"SOUDAN"	10th April	Singapore, Penang, Port Said, Aden, Colombo, Calcutta & Chittagong	

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"SANTHA"	due 30th Mar.	from Calcutta, Rangoon & Straits
	sails 31st Mar.	for Japan
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